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Vol. 20 No. 6

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Delightful Jane, page 51 *Powerful Gordon-Keebles, page 62*

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LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I felt inspired to write after seeing the absolutely fabulous photographs of Zoe Lee in Vol 20 No 5. Nevertheless I was a little disappointed because after seeing the cover I expected to find Zoe in her school uniform. We haven't had any schoolgirl type photos since Jean Rutledge in Vol 19 No 5.

Please can we have some real schoolgirl photos with gymslips, ¾ length white socks, regulation navy knickers and pigtails. All the guys in the office agree with my request, and we think it's all due to nostalgia . . . the thrill of carrying some fifth former's satchel home after school in the hope that you might pluck up the necessary courage to ask for a date.

So come on, *Mayfair*, strike a blow for nostalgia. And if you could possibly get Zoe and Jean together in a schoolgirl duo, now that could make nostalgia a thing of the past.

AW, Cardiff

We already have a set of pictures of a beautiful schoolgirl with a fantastic figure in our files. Watch out for her because we're sure she'll be more than just teacher's pet.

I have just received my copy of the *Mayfair* video, and I must recommend it to other readers. It is surely a best buy, and must be the greatest value around.

It would be nice if you could feature some of the video girls in your pages again, maybe even in *Best of Mayfair No 5*, as Caroline Dell, Sylvia Bayo and the others all graced your pages before I started to subscribe.

Name and address withheld

Twenty-five years ago I was a young single policeman in a small country town in one of our larger counties. Being considered a good catch, I was given the eye and chatted up by several of the town's young unattached girls, but I had no wish to settle down at that time, and although I chatted to them all, mainly when on duty, I didn't take any of them out.

Living in the town was a family who had two daughters, Angela and Barbara (names changed). On a previous posting there I had once taken Angela back to the nurses' home where she lived, after meeting her at the Saturday night dance. She was quite willing to screw but it was her 'wrong week', and we had to settle for a passionate kissing and cuddling session. This rather surprised her as she had not previously thought that a policeman could be passionate, and she was intrigued to find out what I was like as a lover. Angela never did find out, however, as I was posted away soon after, and when I returned a year later she had a regular boyfriend.

But her younger sister Barbara, who was almost 17, always gave me a smile, and said hello when we met, and I soon realised that she was deliberately going out of her way to meet me when I was on duty. Barbara was small but built to scale with nice slim legs, firm breasts and dark brown curly hair. Her most noticeable feature was her dark flashing eyes. They sparkled and shone when she looked at me, and had that come-to-bed look.

One evening when I was working from 6pm to 2am we met as I was walking back to the police station for my meal break. She stopped, smiled, and flashed those devastating eyes, and five minutes later we had arranged to meet when I was back on the streets again after my supper.

When I left the station I looked around but there was no sign of her, and the High Street was deserted. I assumed she had gone home, as it was half past ten, and began checking the doors of the shops on the opposite side of the street. Then I started walking up a dark passageway with the intention of checking the backs of the shops. Almost at once there was a tapping of high heels, and Barbara was there. She had been waiting in a doorway further up the street. She turned her face up to be kissed, I took off my helmet, and when I kissed her I was surprised at the intensity and passion she showed. She told me later she had a strong urge to be screwed for the first time and had decided that I was the one.

We kissed and hugged for a minute or two, during which time Barbara made it clear, without words, that she wanted more than just kisses. I realised that although we were in a dark passageway if anyone glanced up it we would be silhouetted against the lighted streets at either end. So we moved round into a yard at the back of a shop next to the passage.

More kisses followed and Barbara rubbed her body firmly against mine. In no time at all my fingers were stroking the warm smooth skin above her stocking tops – no tights in those days. She gasped as my hand brushed against her tightly-stretched panties, and opened her legs wider. My finger found its way inside her pants, and stroked the fine curls between her legs, then began to slide up and down the length of her moist slit. She whispered, 'Do it, do it,' in my ear, and all thought of duty vanished.

I took off my uniform coat, spread it on the ground, then my jacket, rolled up to make a pillow. She lay down, unbuttoned her coat, and pulled her skirt up to her waist. I placed my handcuffs, truncheon and torch on the ground beside my helmet, unbuttoned my uniform trousers, and lay down beside her. There was no shyness or hesitation from Barbara. She pulled me over on top of her, and my straining tool almost burst out of my underpants. I hooked her pants to one side, she gave a wriggle, and I slid gently into her tight young fanny, causing her to shut her eyes and bite her lip. I pushed gently in until I felt resistance, and then began to move slowly in and out, trying to keep control as I did not have a Durex on – it wasn't something I usually carried on duty!

Suddenly we heard heavy

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footsteps walking up the passage on the other side of the wall from us. If he opened the yard door and walked in... The footsteps went on down the street and we both gave a sigh of relief and grinned at each other. That was the end of passion for that night, and I walked Barbara to the end of her street. I stood in the shadows and watched until she reached her parents front door where she waved and blew me a cheeky little kiss. I moved round to where I could see the back of the house, and watched to see which bedroom light came on. Rather to my disappointment the curtains were closed. When I told her about this later she said if she'd known she would have done a strip for me.

We met on many occasions after that first encounter, always for sex, and always with a Durex on. But never again in uniform on duty as we both agreed it was too risky. Barbara took to sex like a duck to water, and enjoyed every second of everything we did. I took her virginity completely, introduced her to the delights of oral sex, took her in every position I knew, and made her come, noisily.

Eventually I was posted to a town many miles away, and at our farewell session we both stripped off completely except for her dark stockings and suspender belt. We managed it three times in an hour and a half of fond, tender lovemaking. I never saw Barbara again, but I have never forgotten those dark sparkling eyes and the night I laid half undressed, making love to her when I was supposed to be patrolling the town. When you are young and the sexual urge is strong, as it was in both of us that night, you don't think about mundane things.

(Name and address withheld)

With great restraint we'll refrain from making any remarks about showing her your truncheon. Wouldn't it be wonderful if traffic wardens spent their time on duty having it away rather than fucking motorists in the other sense of the word.

Although I am an irregular reader of *Mayfair*, I congratulate the Editor and staff for providing a high standard of entertainment and titillation without descending to the realms of poor taste.

In recent months, however, I have come to realise that although the standard of photography is high, and the content varied, a particular fascination of mine is not catered for. Wet girls, that is girls either naked and splashed by shower, surf or rain, or scantily-attired in saturated clinging garmets, are often seen. Also regularly represented are big-breasted girls offering themselves to the camera.

Why, then, should well-endowed ladies not be depicted *totally immersed*? No, it is not kinky. It simply involves underwater photography. Consider the elegance of weightless tresses beautifully billowing about the pretty faces we so often come across in *Mayfair*. Imagine the wealth of new backgrounds and poses to be created. More to the point, think of the female form in a condition of apparent weightlessness, breasts standing firm and proud, free from the distortions of gravity. What possibilities!

Come on now, *Mayfair*. You always give value for money. Indulge my fantasy a little. I can't be the only taker for this one.

IW, Wallingford

So it was you, IW, who was spotted snorkelling off the Brighton nudist beach! We'll mention your request to our photographers and see if any ideas sink in.

Like PP of Harrow and AR of Dartford I would also continue to call for the shaven maiden. I love the sight and touch of all that beautiful smooth skin. I would also like to hear the views of females who depilate, and also who have met a male who removes his pubic hair. I have done so for a number of years, and generally find that women like it.

R Colla, Kalbach, Germany

In Vol 20 No 2, PP of Harrow asked if anyone shared his fascination for shaven pubes. There must be a lot of people who do so. I have met two women who do, and they were both English. I am Norwegian myself, and they were the only foreign women I have made love with. I met them both in Oslo, but not at the same time.

It was a great surprise to find

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that they both had shaven mons. They said they enjoyed being without hair there. Personally I would have preferred them to have hairy crotches, but of course I didn't tell them that. One of them brought herself off while I was looking at her. No other woman, not even my wife, had let me watch her doing something like that before.

Some years before I met the English women, I had a girlfriend in the southern part of Norway. We met every summer for several years. I will never forget the first time I saw her hairy pussy. The second summer we met she said she had a surprise for me. She had shaved herself down there, but although I could see all the wonderful details of her crotch beneath I missed her curly brown hair.

The next summer I was pleased to find she had let her hair grow out again. She told me she had got tired and sore with all that shaving.

I think I became aware of my affection for pubic hair the very first time I saw the girl whom I later married. It was in summer, and as it was hot she wasn't wearing stockings. I noticed that her calves were rather hairy. At once the thought hit me, surely she has a well-covered cunt too! I don't know where the thought came from, but her hair ran up her calves, under her red skirt, and right up to her pussy. All my blood seemed to rush to my penis, but somehow I managed to hide my erection.

As she was rather reserved about sex at first, several months passed before she let me take off her briefs. When it happened at last I was pleased to discover that my suspicions had been true. Over and over again for 25 years I have made this delightful discovery.

Except for photos I had never seen a cunt until I saw my wife's. Since being married I have made love to about 15 women. Only two or three of them have had more hair between their legs than my wife. Unlike PP, I don't find hair off-putting. Kim, Lorraine and your other models turn me on, but I wish some of them had hair in their armpits, too.

RR, Norway

Hair today, still hair tomorrow, as you might say.

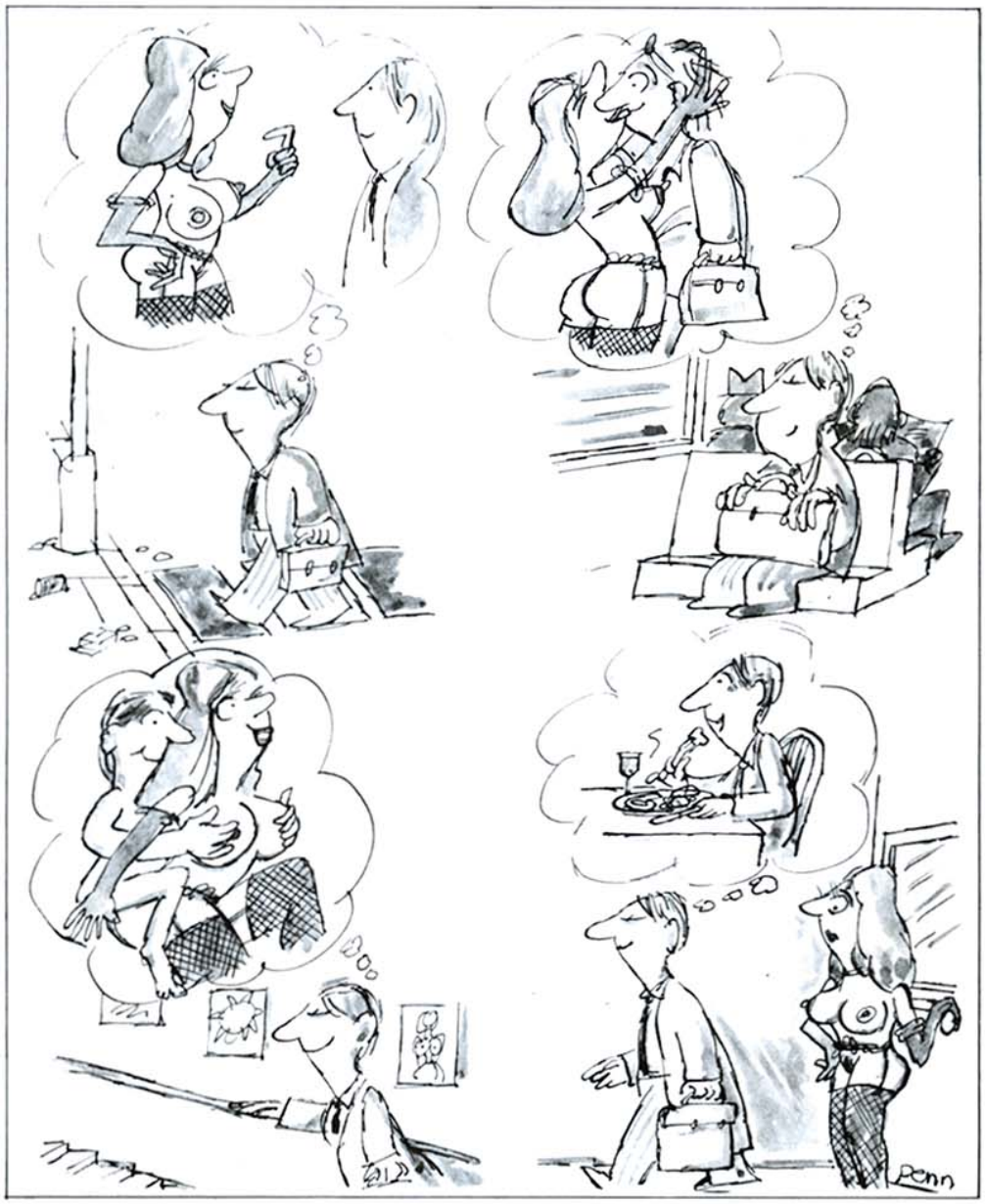
I hope you never listen to suggestions like those from PP of Harrow (Vol 20 No 2) and AR of Dartford (Vol 20 No 4) which will affect the names of the No 1 Men's Magazine in the World.

I don't know what is nice in a shaven pussy, unless the above gentlemen are thinking about something I don't know. But don't just take my word for it, ask Mary Quant who is reported as saying that the most attractive feature in a girl is her pubic hair. In fact she even suggested that women should start wearing see-through skirts to show their pubic hair.

I have been absolutely bowled over by the amazing and fantastic bush of Cynthia in Vol 20 No 4. It is the most gorgeous pubic hair I have ever seen in a woman, and believe me I have seen many. It covers every millimetre of her attractive vulva, and extends to the top of her leg and all round her bottom. I could make love to a girl like that day and night, and not get tired. Just think of the pleasure when my tongue starts searching in all that growth until it finds her clitoris, and starts caressing it while all that hair is tickling my nose and chin.

Pussies left aside for a moment, there is another feature that could make a women look even sexier, showing a shadow under her arms. Hair under the arms should be trimmed with scissors to leave it sexy and stubby. That is what I do to my girlfriend. She found it so sexy that she has now stopped shaving completely. Try to persuade some of your models to leave a shadow under their arms. That is why continental girls are so sought after. They know how to arouse a cock.

FL, Northampton



As a regular reader of *Mayfair* I thought this adventure might interest others. I had been a widower, with a small son, for about a year, and as I was a little isolated from my family I was pleased when my oldest sister phoned to say she was coming to spend the weekend with us. She has two girls a little older than my son, and said she would visit my other sister, taking him with her. She arrived with a friend of hers, a young woman of about my age whom I had not met before. And I was a little taken aback to discover that she had two youngsters.

I took the lot of them to the city centre for lunch, and we had a good time although five kids and three adults can be a bit of

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a handful. When we got home my sister Anne (name changed) who is rather a bossy type soon took over the kids while I went off to the local.

When I returned the two girls were off to bed, and left me a light supper. I stayed awake for quite a while thinking about Mary (name changed) the girl my sis had brought with her, lying alone in the next room. She had been rather introverted and had not said much. She had dressed conservatively but I had admired her boobs, legs and bottom, and told my sister so.

The next day Anne had arranged to take all the kids to my other sister for the day, saying she would be back at 10pm. When I got downstairs they were almost ready to go, and I asked where Mary was. I got a very pleasant surprise when Anne told me Mary was staying, and would be having a lie-in for a change with the kids off her hands. As she left Anne told me to go and see Mary straight away as she had something to tell me.

I wasted no time in knocking at her bedroom door. She called out, come in, and when I entered the curtains were still drawn so I could only make out a form lying in the bed. I asked Mary what she wanted, and she said she wanted to thank me for the nice day yesterday. I said it was nothing, and Mary said she hoped she could return the favour one day.

With that I threw all caution to the winds, stripped off my sandals, jeans and T-shirt, and slid into the bed. She kept quite still with her back to me, and I pulled up close to her, pushing my eager almost bursting erection against her bottom. As I felt her left boob she turned, expertly took hold of my prick, and slid onto her back. Holding herself open with one hand, she slid me into her. As I gasped with the grateful relief of anticipation of unloading, she covered my mouth with hers and began to search with her tongue in a way that made me feel like bursting.

I thrust in and out with an animal frenzy and came almost at once in a convulsive jerking which I thought would never stop. The thrill of relief was indescribable, and I babbled uncontrollably in her ear of the thanks and pleasure she had given me.

Mary had not said a word or made a sound from beginning to end, and as I relaxed beside her I felt I had to make her speak, so I said, 'Are you all right?' She replied at once, saying, 'Of course I am.' I asked her if she had anything to say, and she whispered that I should have worn some protection. When I told her she would be quite safe, she replied cynically, 'What with all the flood you gave me?' I told her I had been desperate and how long I had been without, and she became quite affectionate.

The two of us groped each other. I put my mouth on her right nipple, held onto the other boob with my left hand, and slid two fingers into her to rub over her button. I felt her going soft, and she started to wriggle as I covered her mouth with mine, and guided my erection into her again. This time I took it slower and deeper and pumped in and out, building up speed until Mary began to whisper, 'It's lovely,' over and over. I knew it was unloading time, and I banged in faster and harder with the mattress complaining by squeaking loudly. I felt the surge of explosion, and shot off with an oath as she strained against me. Even after I had finished her tongue was still darting away in my mouth, exploring and probing.

She did not talk much apart from answering my questions. We spent the day sleeping, fucking, and then resting, until I was completely drained by the time Anne and the kids returned. When they left the next morning I tried to get Mary alone, but failed. I am certain that my sister was aware of our coupling as she made sure we were never alone from the time we got up to when they left. But perhaps an angel named Mary will visit me again one day.

AS, Stockport

I would like to relate an event which happened at my last place of employment here in Germany with a charming and really sexy secretary whom I shall call Marion. She was about 27, and since her divorce about six months previously she was sometimes very cheeky and rebellious, giving arbitrary orders to her co-workers. She was also very provocative as she always wore short

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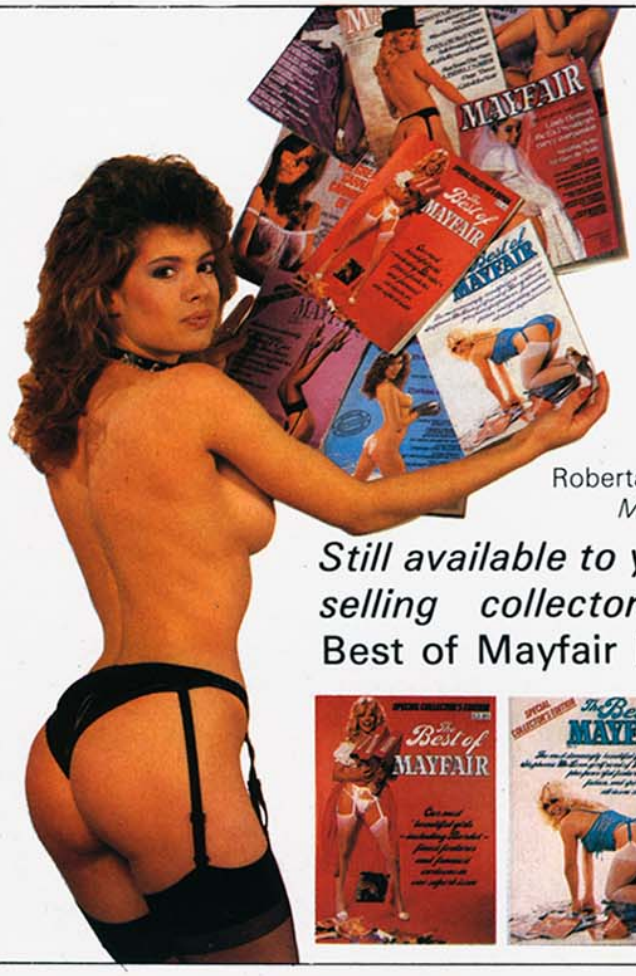

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LETTERS

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miniskirts or tight pants and wriggled her luscious bottom.

One day I caught Marion slapping a female apprentice in the face. It was too much, so I ordered her to my private office after closing time. I explained that she was to be sacked, and she was close to tears, begging me to punish her any other way. She took a flexible plastic ruler and handed it to me. Then bending forward over the edge of my desk she pulled up her miniskirt. 'Use it on me,' she gasped. Marion was wearing stockings and suspenders, and her tiny panties could not quite conceal her taut buttocks which looked so firm and inviting.

Looking back over her shoulder, she hooked her thunbs in the waistband of her pants, hesitated just a moment, then yanked them down. Her face was a mask of fear, shame and excited anticipation as her ripe quivering buttocks were exposed to my eyes. 'Spank me then,' she whispered, 'spank me proper, on my bare bottom.'

I must confess that by now I had a mighty hard-on. Because this angered me, and in a rage over her disobedient behaviour, I swished down the ruler with a resonant crack. This was apparently what she needed so much. 'Yes,' she cried, 'Oh, yes, harder.' She urged me on. Again and again the ruler came down on her quivering buttocks which were my now heaving up and down, the cheeks opening and closing under each stroke until she squealed aloud and obviously reached a shuddering climax.

Only then did I throw down the ruler. Marion remained in that position. Slowly her hands crept back and began to rub her burning arsecheeks. Seeming to be out of her mind, she spread her legs far apart. 'Give it to me,' she moaned, 'fuck me, hard.' I was already rock hard and I was unable to resist. She shrieked as I penetrated her, grunted as I humped her violently, and then came to a powerful orgasm as I reached my climax.

What a girl. But I still can't decide whether to keep her on.

DB, Karlsruhe, Germany

Marina (left) and Debbie Ryan, two ladies who are tops down under.

Gidday from Australia. My mate and I were going through my *Mayfair* collection recently and had a competition for the spunkiest looking woman in your magazine. We had a dead heat decision on two lovelies. Debbie Ryan from Vol 16 No 3 was my choice. She is a beautiful blonde with a perfect 36-24-36 figure. She dead-heated with Marina whose great figure of 36-26-36 as shown in Vol 17 No 12 is adorable. Could we please see more of these delicious sheilas, preferably side by side so we can pick a winner.

Karl and Eddie, Perth, West Australia

Keep reading Mayfair, and you will certainly see more of Marina as she has recently posed for another set for us.

TV comics seems to be getting more daring. On a recent show one was talking about a famous actress getting married for the eighth time. 'She's decided if you can't take it with you, wear it out.'

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ

One of the most amazing incidents of puma spotting happened on Shooters' Hill, less than ten miles from London, in July 1963. Following a sighting, police investigators saw a 'puma' leap over the bonnet of their patrol car. But a search revealed nothing.

A puma sighting on Shooters' Hill sparked off a big game hunt involving 126 police, 21 dogs, and 30 soldiers. They found nothing.

date the sighting to around 1770. In the present century there were several reports in the 1950s (notably a close sighting near Winchester in 1959), but widespread interest in the beast did not arise until the sixties. In July 1962, Mr Ernie Jellett, a water board official, arrived at Heathy Park Reservoir, near Farnham, with the intention of carrying out an inspection.

As he walked through some woods to the reservoir, Mr Jellett saw a rabbit running towards him. The rabbit was a common enough sight, but the big-game cat that was chasing it definitely was *not*. Mr Jellett let out a yell, scaring away the beast, which he said was sand-coloured, with a round, flat face, long, thin tail, and big paws. He stated that it was, 'Definitely *not* a fox or a dog.' A year later, almost to the very day, a lorry driver named David Back stopped his vehicle at 1am on Shooters' Hill, in south-east London, to go to the aid of what looked like an injured dog by the wayside. Mr Back got out of his cab as the 'dog' stood up. 'I could see then it *wasn't* a dog,' he said later. 'It had long legs and a long pointed tail that curled up, and looked as if it had a mouthful of food.' Mr Back returned to his lorry – quickly – and watched as the animal made off across the common. When two policemen were later sent to investigate this incident, the beast scored a brilliant publicity scoop by leaping over the bonnet of their patrol car, then disappearing into the night. This sparked off a massive police search of the area, covering 850 acres, and involving 126 policemen, with 21 dogs, 30 soldiers, ambulancemen, and RSPCA officials. The results were negative. Some large paw prints were found in a muddy stream bed, but these were dismissed by experts because they showed claw marks. All members of the cat family (including pumas) walk on their pads with claws retracted.

A whole spate of puma sightings broke out in August 1964 around Farnham and Odiham. Many of these occurred near Bushylease Farm, which covers an area of some 300 acres between Ewshot and Crondall. The farm manager there, Mr Edward Blanks, confessed that he had been seeing a strange animal around the farm for the past two years which he could not identify, despite his intimate knowledge of local wildlife. At the end of August something caused a herd of cattle at the farm to stampede, and the following day a Fresian bullock was found badly mauled in some nearby woods. The bullock recovered after treatment, but opinions differed as to what had caused its wounds. One source quotes a local vet as saying, 'The wounds were not caused by any animal found in this country,' while another source has 'barbed wire' being pronounced the culprit by the Ministry of Agriculture. The mystery animal continued to prowl the area around Bushylease, disturbing cattle whenever it was near. One aspect which puzzled Mr Blanks was the total lack of trails after the severe snowfalls of 1962–63, by which he had hoped to track down the animal. But such a dearth of obvious evidence is by no means uncommon in these cases.

By this time there were so many reports coming in from the Surrey-Hampshire border area, that the police set up a special 'Puma HQ' at Godalming Police Station, complete with a strong cage borrowed from London Zoo – just in case. No feature on the Surrey Puma should fail to mention the famous Godalming Police Day Book which recorded 362 sightingsof the beast between September 1962 and August 1968, when the file (but not the sightings) was closed. Some researchers, however, estimate that as many as three-quarters of these reports may be misidentifications of common animals or wildlife, or simply hoaxes. Meanwhile, the police at Godalming sat back with their cage to await developments. They didn't have to wait for long. On September 7 Mr George Wistion was picking blackberries on Munstead Common (only a mile from Godalming) when he came face-to-snout with a fierce, cat-like animal, dull gold in colour, and with a long tail and large paws. It hissed at him, then disappeared into the bushes. On that same day a large unidentified animal was seen near the racing stables at Munstead, and a trail of paw prints was found in an area used as a gallop. There are conflicting reports on the length of this trail. Some say it ran for 1½ miles, others only a half-mile. All agree, however, that the trail ended where the beast that made them jumped a 5½ foot fence, and disappeared into the undergrowth. The police took plaster casts of the prints, which were said by experts to be those of a puma. Other experts maintained that the prints could have been made by a large dog, such as a bloodhound, several of which were kept at the stables. The evidence, as ever, was inconclusive.

The year 1965 proved to be a quiet one for puma reports, and media interest waned. In October, however, the beast showed it had a liking for 'blue' blood as well as red, when a puma leapt over the head of Viscount Chelmsford's daughter as she attended to some horses at Chiddingfold. The beast was back on form by 1966. In September he was at Chiddingfold again, just lounging quietly in a thistle patch minding his own business when a woman came along and trod on his tail. Understandably, he scratched out at the woman's face, so she (equally understandably) belted the poor thing with her walking stick. On this occasion the beast withdrew in the face of superior technology, and climbed up a tree. By the time the witness returned with help, the puma had gone. The summer of 1966 saw the height of puma-hunting fever amongst the public, as hordes of people swarmed over the woodlands and heaths of Surrey trying to bag themselves a 'mauler'. A local pub raised money for charity by selling 'big-game' permits. Amongst the throng were serious zoologists and professional hunters, not-so-serious troops of Boy Scouts, and a great many people simply there for the laughs. Miraculously, no-one was shot or snared in mistake for a puma, and a good time was had by all (except, perhaps, the zoologists and hunters?). As for the Surrey Puma itself – it wisely kept a low profile.

By 1968 the Godalming police were heartily sick of the Surrey Puma, not least because they had singularly failed to capture it. But salvation was at hand. A rumour began to circulate that the puma had been shot dead by a local farmer. If so, then no-one could say who this farmer was, or what had become of the puma's remains, or even who had started this rumour in the first place. Most telling of all, perhaps, no media coverage was given to this story which would have caused much interest. Be that as it may, the police were not slow to take advantage of the rumour, and with a great

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Savage big cats have been seen by reliable witnesses throughout Britain for hundreds of years, and one even leaped over a police car. But despite extensive hunting none has been found. Are these beasts flesh and blood, or just part of our folklore?

The Phantom Puma
–big game or big joke?

By W R Robertson

In the middle to late sixties a great many sightings were made in the southern counties of England of what appeared to be a fully grown puma on the loose. The media quickly dubbed this beast The Surrey Puma, and made it an overnight sensation, a legend in its own lifetime. The key word here is 'legend', for there are many aspects to the Surrey Puma which argue against its existence as a real animal at all.

The earliest record of a puma-like animal in Surrey comes from William Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, in which he describes seeing, as a boy, a large, cat-like animal at the ruins of Waverley Abbey, near Farnham. This would

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN SALMON

The Phantom Puma

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sigh of relief they closed the file on the Surrey Puma for good. They hoped that this would be an end to the beast – but it was not. It can be truly said of the Surrey Puma that 'reports of its death have been greatly exaggerated'. Despite the 1968 rumour, sightings continued into the seventies, with activity centred around Odiham in 1971-72. Also in '72, the New Forest area of Hampshire produced a rash of Puma sightings. In September of that year, for example, three young brothers aged 12, 10 and six were walking on the edge of the forest with their alsatian when they saw a large animal creeping through the grass. The eldest of the brothers described what they saw as being tawny brown in colour, larger than an alsatian, but looking like a cat. It was said to have a large head, with cat-like ears, and fierce eyes. The boys took one good look then ran like hell – and so did their big alsatian dog. The latter point is more serious than it may seem. Large members of the cat family are known to be every bit as wary of big dogs as are small, domestic cats, yet there are several reports on record of usually fierce dogs being cowed by the presence of these puma-like beasts.

The present decade has seen its crop of puma sightings (eg, one near Guildford in September 1980), and it seems probable that the 1990s will bring more of the same. It is this disinclination on the part of the Surrey Puma to lay down and die which highlights just one of the many perplexing questions associated with it – how *old* is the Surrey Puma? We have seen that reports go back for some 25 years at the very least (and if Cobbett's evidence is accepted, we are talking about centuries!), yet recent sightings have been of fairly young animals. This would suggest that we are dealing with more than one puma, perhaps several of them, or even a family – who will breed others. If this seems alarming (or impossible) there is worse to come – how would we cope if wild pumas were at large throughout Britain? Although less media coverage was given to them, it remains a fact that concurrent with the Surrey/Hampshire reports, sightings of puma-like animals were made in Devon, Dorset, Sussex, Kent, London, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Clwyd, Greater Manchester, Lancashire, North Yorkshire, and the Strathclyde and Highland regions of Scotland. Several of these reports were of animals seen on the same day, but often many miles apart, so unless the Surrey Puma owns a fast motorbike he would appear to have relatives in most parts of the country. Consider, though, that in every case mentioned here (as in all such cases), the first move of authorities was to check on zoos, safari-parks, etc, for any missing animals – and none *were* missing. In 1964, for instance, there were 23 pumas in captivity in this country, all of which were accounted for – so where are all these animals coming from?

One of the fascinating things about the puma reports is that the more researchers delve into them, the more outrageous and bizarre the whole concept becomes. For example, having faced the notion of several pumas on the loose, it seems there are other species of big-cat on the run too. During the summer of 1976, the police at Nottingham launched a week long search, involving dogs and a helicopter, for a beast which came to be known as the Nottingham Lion. Amongst the first eye-witnesses were two milkmen who saw the animal at 6am on July 29 at Tollerton. Both men agreed that what they saw resembled a lion. On August 1 the deputy coroner for Nottinghamshire saw a lion in his garden, and watched it with his wife and teenage son as it broke through a hedge, and made off. A sighting was made on August 5 of a lioness near Nottingham racecourse. At this point, police were making frequent appeals to the public to be on their guard, to lock up pets at night, and to keep a special eye on youngsters during the day. In all, there were 65 reported sightings of the Nottingham Lion, but despite the best efforts of the police, the beast was never caught. Four days after the Nottingham search was called off, a man encountered a lioness at night in the village street of Thorganby, near York. A police search was launched that night, and continued the next day, but without success. Another lioness showed up in October, this time at Chester, but again, a search came up with nothing. Going back to 1964, there were reports that year from East Runton, Norfolk, which included descriptions of a puma, a lion, a tiger, and a cheetah. Zoologists tell us that the puma is quite rare in its native North America, but rarer still is its close relative, the black panther. Yet something bearing a close resemblance to a black panther was shot at by a gamekeeper near Winchester in 1964.

If members of the big-cat family don't interest you, then how about bears? A sighting of an animal, described as a brown bear walking on its hind legs, was made on Skipwith Common, Yorkshire, in 1975. Big-cats and bears would be enough for most people, but it seems there are even stranger beasts out there. In April 1974, a woman saw an animal crossing the road at Branksome, Dorset, which she described as being grey, with stripes, and a long thin tail. She later identified the beast from an illustrated wildlife book as being a thylacine

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'Mary! There's no need to hold the stepladder for my husband.'

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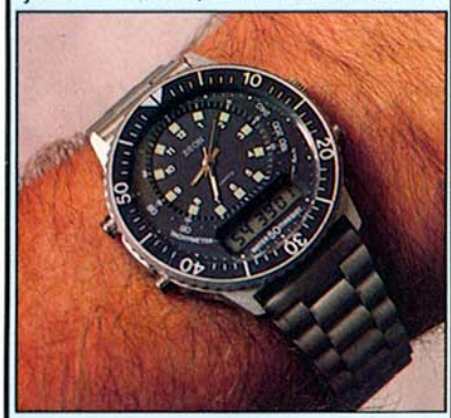

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The Phantom Puma

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(or Tasmanian wolf). All well and good – except that the thylacine is all but extinct in his native Tasmania, which begs the question, how does one of these exceedingly rare animals come to be yomping around over here? Even more bizarre than the thylacine was the thing seen by the roadside near Witheridge, Devon, by a retired colonel out for a drive in his car. This was in June 1969. The witness stopped his car about 15 feet from the beast, and watched it for some three minutes in broad daylight. What he saw was a smooth-haired, skinny-looking thing, about the size of a calf, with a thin tail, and legs that looked too long for its body. Large black eyes protruded from a head which showed a curious pug nose. It was mostly ginger-brown in colour, with lighter strips on the ribs, and dark brown hindquarters, which also had three black spots on them. A two-inch ridge of hair ran along the spine. The colonel stated in his report that he had seen many leopards in Malaya – and this *wasn't* a leopard. Just what was it then? It appears that no-one was able to tell him, and the creature remains unidentified. It was later found that the colonel's description tallied with other reports from the same area going back to 1967.

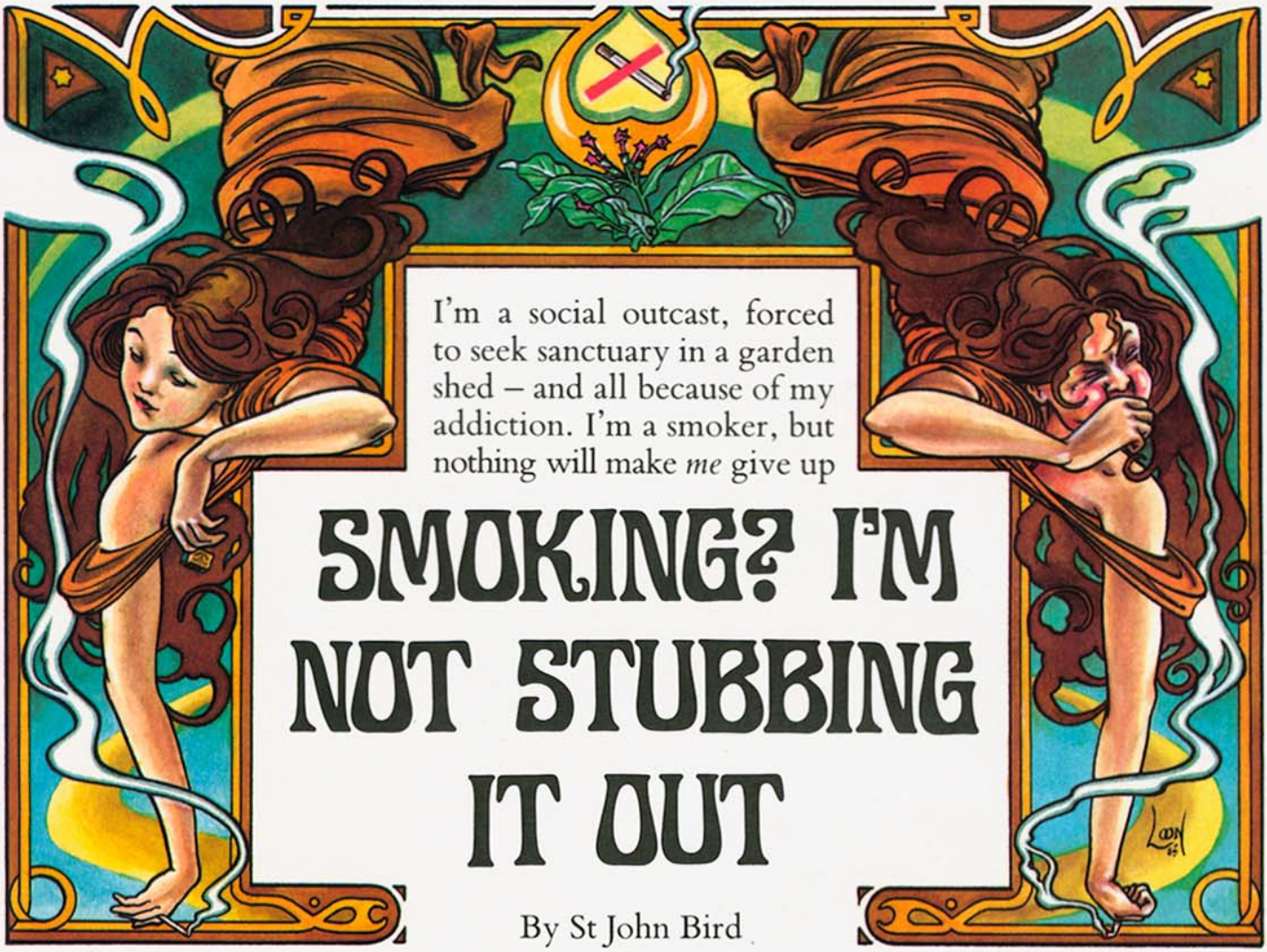
What are we to make of these reports? Most sightings are made at fairly close range by honest, reliable people. These witnesses are seeing *something* out there – but what, exactly? The more we learn about this mystery, the harder it becomes to support the idea of these animals being real flesh-and-blood. Take their behaviour, for example. Pumas are said to be shy, mostly nocturnal animals, who avoid mankind and all his works like the plague. How do we square this with reports of pumas leaping over police cars and debutante's heads, or boldly strolling along the streets of a town in daylight? Would a real puma sit in the middle of the road, and defy a taxi to pass by? This is exactly what happened to a taxi driver on a country road near Glasgow, late one summer's night in 1974. In this particular case the cabbie waited five minutes before driving carefully around the beast. At one point his cab brushed against the animal, and it growled at him. These are just a few examples, but there are many more on record where these beasts seem to go out of their way to be seen.

Some have argued that living near towns for long periods would make these animals less afraid of man. Maybe so, but would it also make them vegetarians? Most experts agree that a fully grown adult puma requires 300 lbs of meat each week. In practical terms this equates to five roe deer per week, or 250 every year – and that's just for *one* puma. If we accept the notion of a whole bunch of pumas living free, then the annual toll on the deer population would be enormous. Yet the fact of the matter is, losses of deer or cattle are nowhere near the level needed to support *one* puma, let alone a herd of them (and God knows what the thylacines eat). It has been suggested that the pumas could live on 10 rabbits a day – but what puma in its right mind would skulk about all day chasing its quota of rabbits, when preying on a single deer would keep it going for a day or so.

Of all the problems attached to the Puma phenomenon, perhaps the most perplexing is this: eye-witness testimony suggests that for the past 25 years or more there has been a veritable zoo cavorting around our countryside, whose members include lions and tigers and pumas and cheetahs and bears and thylacines and God - knows - what - sort - of - a - stripey - thing - with - spots - on. Quite a menagerie, yet in all these years, not one piece of irrefutable evidence has come to light to prove the existence of even a single beast. All we have are a few ambiguous footprints, and a couple of fuzzy photographs – the best of which was taken at Worplesden in 1966, and shows what looks more like a domestic moggy.

Does this mean that the beasts are not real, and the people who see them are deluded? The short answer is, NO – far from it. The Surrey Puma *is* real, but its reality may be different from ours – a theory which will be as unacceptable to some as the idea of them being flesh-and-blood animals is to others. However, in their exhaustive book on the subject (*Alien Animals*) the authors Janet and Colin Bord have brought out the many similarities between puma sightings and those of the phantom black dogs of folklore. Monstrous black dogs with glowing red eyes have been seen in Britain for hundreds of years. Often thought to be a bad omen for anyone unlucky enough to see one, they *have* been known to be helpful – by guiding motorists through fog, for example, or escorting lone women out walking at night. In Blynburgh church in Norfolk, burn marks on the church door can still be seen which are said to be the work of a Black Dog which ran through the congregation one Sunday in 1577. Could it be, then, that the Surrey Puma is just a modern version of the phantom black dog? It would certainly explain a great deal, like the lack of concrete evidence. More intriguingly, it would account for the beast's apparent desire to be seen, for isn't notoriety the very life-blood of a legend? Perhaps this is why no puma carcasses have ever been found, for old pumas (like legends) never die – they simply fade away?

No doubt in pubs throughout the land the regulars will groan and scoff whenever the local puma-witness recounts his or her sighting for the umpteenth time – but meanwhile the legend grows. In recent years the puma has run rings round the Royal Marines on Dartmoor (summer '83), and flummoxed farmers in the Rossendale valley of Lancashire (summer '84). In the final analysis it must be left to the reader to make up his or her own mind: are these beasts real flesh-and-blood animals, or are they just another one of the mysterious 'somethings' which have stalked our haunted land for centuries? If, after reading this, you should feel concerned for your safety, here is my advice: if you go for a picnic down in the woods one day, and a cute little thylacine comes trotting out of the bushes, and breathes down your neck – fear not. He probably needs your company a lot more than you need his. On the other hand, should you tread on a puma's tail . . .



I'm a social outcast, forced to seek sanctuary in a garden shed – and all because of my addiction. I'm a smoker, but nothing will make *me* give up

SMOKING? I'M NOT STUBBING IT OUT

By St John Bird

ILLUSTRATION BY BORIN VAN LOON

I have been driven to this.

I'm out in the garden shed. It's the one of the few places left to me where I can indulge my . . . should I tell you? Dare I tell you? Will you condemn me for doing what people used to do openly, and with pride?

I suppose I may as well.

I'm an addict.

Tobacco addict, that is. A smoker.

There, it's out, and in public as well.

I know it's unhealthy, and I know it knocks years off your life, but I am a hooked, unrepentant, fume-dispensing smoker.

The garden shed is my last refuge.

I daren't smoke inside the house. My children have been brainwashed by the enemy, and keep frightening me with various statistics which prove conclusively that I am dead, and have been for the past two years. Even my wife has fallen prey to the propaganda. She, who used to be a twenty a day lady and my staunchest ally. She still carries a packet round with her. It's a twenty packet, and it's unopened. It has been since she bought it, three months ago.

You can imagine the reaction if I so much as glance at a cigar, a pipe or, heaven forbid, a cigarette. I'm told that I have no will power (I accept that, I'd just like a smoke), that I smell like an old ashtray (okay, I'll have a bath afterwards and change my clothes, but I want a cigarette) or that my breath smells (so I'll clean my teeth as well, but I *need* nicotine). So, I'm shortening my life, but for God's sake, give me a cigarette! A whole host of assorted facts are bandied around to prevent me, as they put it, committing suicide. By the time they've finished, what started as a mild desire has become a raving passion, I *need* a smoke.

I light up, inhale, and try to relax.

But the torment doesn't end there.

The youngest child pulls a face, and leaves the room; the eldest develops a disapproving look; my wife assumes that smug, superior, 'I've done it and he can't' expression, and even the dog looks at me as though I've just trodden on his tail.

It's the same at work.

I'm told, as soon as the match hits the tobacco, all the things I can get told at home, and more besides.

A typical non-smoking, two mile a day jogger and picture of health opened three windows, and then informed me that I shouldn't smoke because I was a danger to *him*. It seems that the really dangerous part of smoking is not the bit I inhale, but the bit I exhale. He claimed that he was forced to breathe that in.

Got quite upset too when I suggested that he should start the habit, so that he could enjoy the not-so-bad bit as well.

Seriously though, parts of society are closed off to me.

I can't travel downstairs on a bus.

Certain compartments on trains remain a mystery. Even certain seats on some coaches are forbidden. If you do travel in these areas, and light up, you haven't got an ashtray, and people complain about the mess on the floor.

Offices and shops are getting to be the same as well. 'No Smoking' signs are everywhere, and if you ignore them, a polite, but officious person will always direct you to the nearest ashtray whether you want to go or not.

Where are the civil liberties people now?

I can't run for a bus, but I don't need to run for a bus, I've got a car (I don't smoke in it either, by the way, it turns the interior a funny colour). I've got yellow fingertips (but so have the Chinese). I can't run upstairs either, but I don't want to. Nor do I want to attract a pretty girl in a pub in the way they do in the anti-smoking adverts.

It's my business. I don't need everyone telling me how bad it is, I know how bad it is. But I enjoy it, I relax with the aid of my good friend nicotine, (and if Superman thinks he's going to interfere, he can keep his nose out as well).

I'm a free agent. I shouldn't be out here in the garden having a sneaky smoke like a schoolboy. I should go back into that house, put my foot down, and strike a blow for free smokers everywhere.

I'm going to do just that.

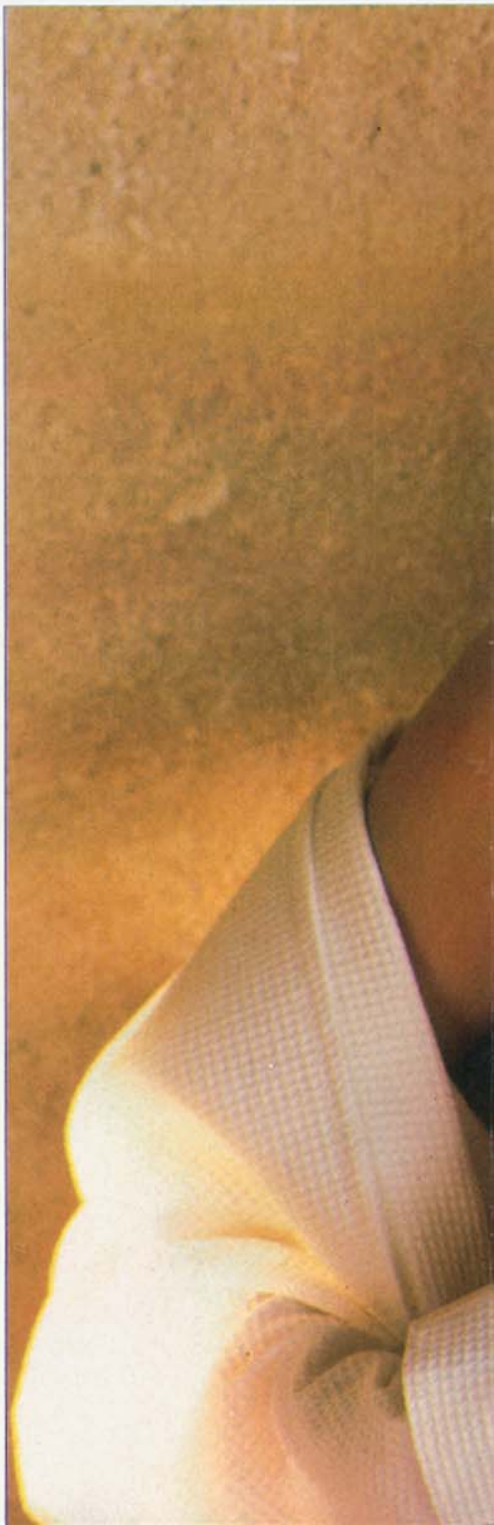
Just as soon as I stop coughing.

Michelle

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

Gentlemen, the toast is 20-year-old Michelle Harper or Mitch as she is known to her friends. And as you raise your glass, you might like to consider that the wine you are drinking could possibly have come from one of Michelle's family's vineyards. 'My mother's side of the family is French,' explained Michelle, 'and they have been in the wine business for several generations. My uncles carry it on. They always bring a case over when they visit.' Michelle lives in the Channel Islands – with a French mother and an English father, it seemed like the ideal compromise – and works in a shop selling souvenirs during the summer. 'No, I'm not a tax exile,' laughed Michelle. 'But after an appearance in *Mayfair*, who knows?'

Although Michelle is not in the wine business professionally, she admits to being partial to a glass or two now and then. For preference, she chooses a light, dry white, not unlike her family's product. And when she's not working she likes nothing better than to top up her tan on her local beach with a chilled bottle of Chablis. No wonder her 34-23-33 figure is such a deep



golden brown. Does Michelle have plans to follow in her mother's family's footsteps? 'I already have,' she said with a wry smile, pointing to a cluster of demijohns in the kitchen. 'There's apricot, damson, even birch tree sap fermenting away there,' she grinned. 'Practically the only thing you can't use for wine is tomato, which is unfortunate – it's the Islands' main product.'

Michelle admits that her wine is not as refined as her family's but claims one big advantage over commercially produced ones. 'It's cheaper, and more convenient,' she insisted. 'And there's nothing quite like a cosy night in with a good friend and a few bottles . . .'

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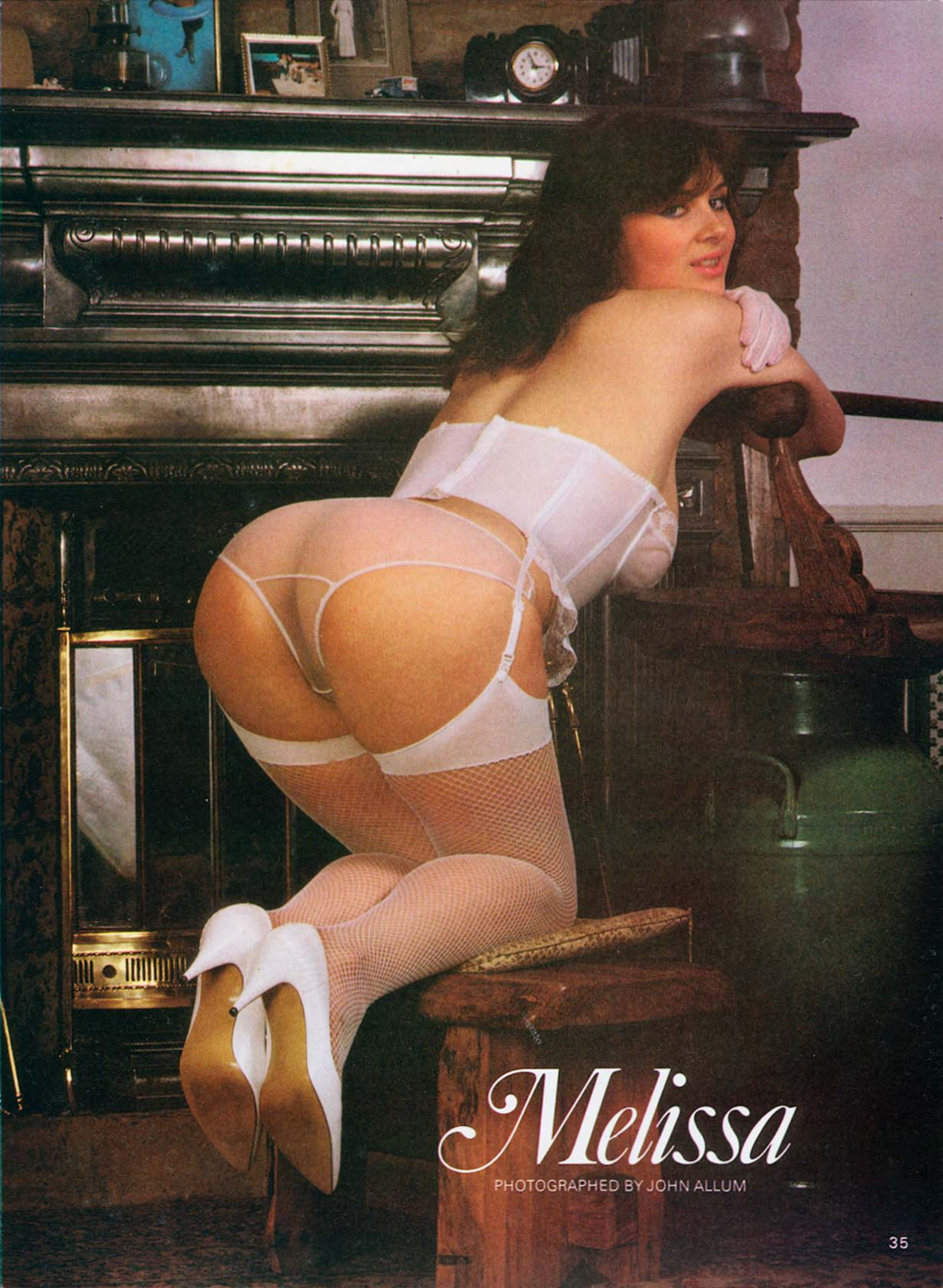
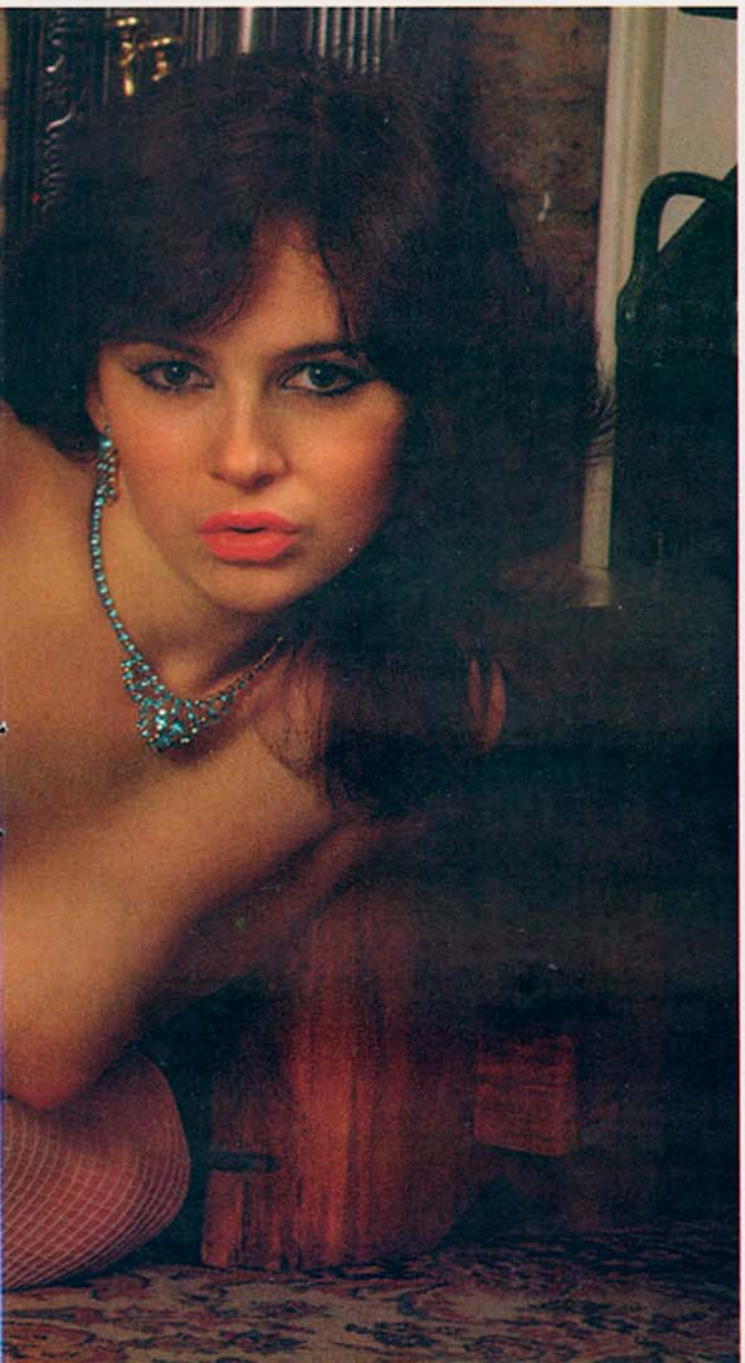


Melissa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

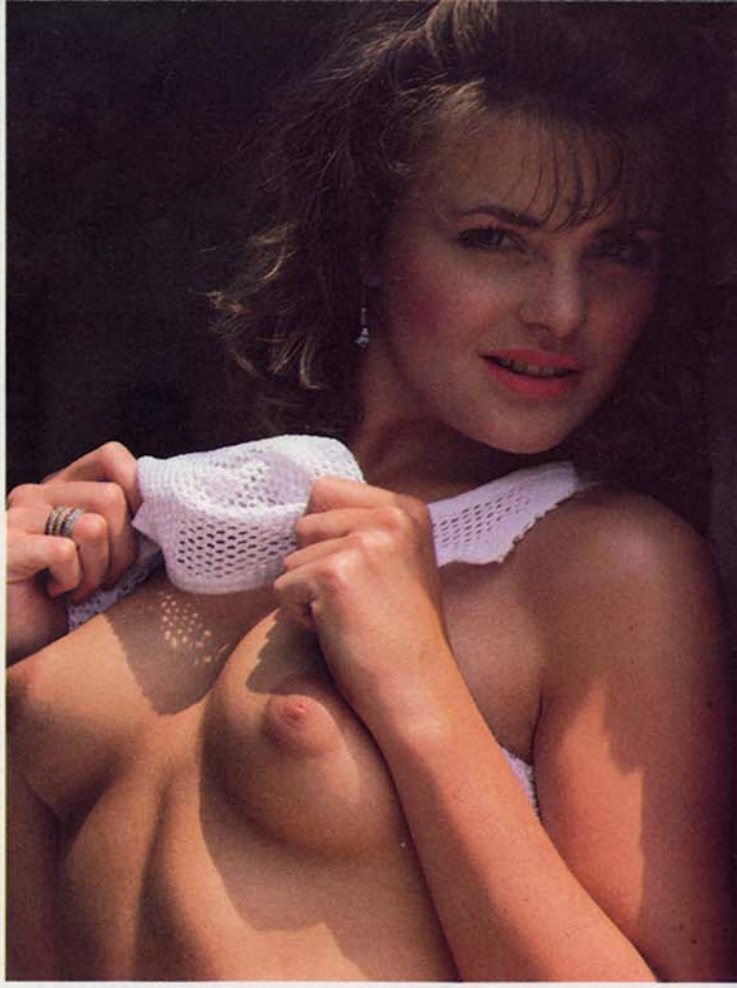
When Melissa Morgan was told to strip off her uniform, put on her hat and coat, and leave the *Pizza Hut* in Leeds, she wasn't aware that a new career was just around the corner. The 18-year-old waitress was about to become a model. Now, just nine months later, her delightful face and 36-24-36 figure make her much in demand for photographic and promotional work. 'I drifted into modelling by accident,' said Melissa. We can believe it. Even this set might not have been shot, had she not decided to try modelling, and wandered into the *Mayfair* offices 'on the off-chance.' It was an opportunity we leaped at . . .

Although Melissa has bid farewell to the *Pizza Hut* for good, she is a familiar sight in many of Leeds' more exciting night spots. Her favourite places to spend the evening are *Central Park* and *The Warehouse*, although she stresses firmly that she doesn't like discos. 'I can't stand them,' she insisted. Instead she prefers 'a drink or several' with her friends. If the lifestyle of a non-dancing drinker doesn't seem in keeping with the slim figure you see here, then you can thank the Venus Health Club where Melissa exercises, and where she particularly enjoys the after-exercise sauna.



Melissa's other great love is reading. 'I particularly like horror stories,' she claimed. 'My favourite author is Stephen King.' But if you want to hold her hand, Melissa says you should be strong and hairy. 'I like all sorts of men,' she told us. 'But I do think that they should have a good body.' Her one other stipulation concerns what men wear. 'I prefer guys who dress a

little eccentricly,' Melissa maintained. 'I've always liked the way-out.' Right now though her career is on the way up, and as we spoke she was preparing for her next job. 'I'm serving drinks at a new club in Bradford called *Blue Lace*,' she told us. 'I'm told that all kinds of famous people will be there.' The way she is progressing Melissa is on her way to fame as well.



With her smouldering sexuality and tanned 34-24-35 figure, it is hard to picture Jane Wilson spending most of her days surrounded by three lively toddlers. But Jane, 22, is now a professional nanny in Kensington.

Jane
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN ROUGERON

'I plan to go to art college in a year or two because my ambition is to be a commercial artist,' Jane explained. 'Being a nanny is great because I live a luxury lifestyle I couldn't possibly afford, and I get a lot of fun out of being with kids without having them myself.' Does that mean Jane has no plans for settling down and raising a family? 'Damn right. I want a husband and babies one day, but not for a few years yet. I want to establish myself, and make my mark in a career first. I am really quite ambitious and want to achieve something on my own account.'

When it comes to men Jane always enjoys independence. 'I think they are absolutely wonderful, and that's why I'm not looking for a permanent relationship. There are so many great guys around that I couldn't possibly limit myself to just one. I'm not only talking sex, though I do enjoy that enormously. I love the flirting and the whole ritual of courting and chatting up.'

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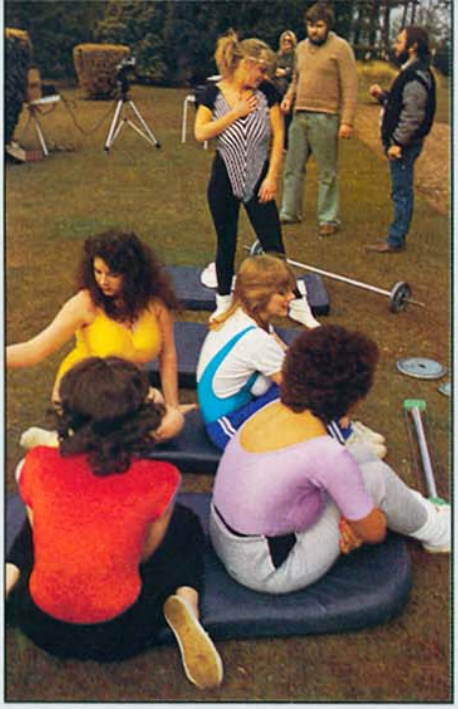
MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
JANE WILSON

THE WELL-ENDOWED VIDEO

On location at the late Lord Egmont's home with six busty beauties

Knapcross House in Exmouth is one of Devon's finest turn of the century buildings. Long deserted by the original owners, it has become a hotel/ restaurant, one of the county's most refined venues for the taking of tea. But one day recently the gentle tinkle of bone china may have given way to a resounding crash if the residents looked out of the dining room window. For there, on the rolling lawns amidst the ornate flower beds and the topiary, were six pairs of the biggest naked knockers Britian is likely to see.

The bare breasts belonged to Zoe, Georgina, Donna, Karen, Jackie and Sue, some of this country's biggest, bounciest models, and their visit to Knapcross was to shoot a new video. This subtle piece of film art is called *The Sexy Secrets of the Kissogram Girls*, and tells the story of how a newcomer to the trade learns the finer



Captain Morgan

points of the technique at a sort of Swiss finishing school for the sexy. Here, as well as deportment and the social graces, the girls are instructed on such specialist subjects as the use of naughty undies, massage and PT. The only essential condition for entry seems to be a pair of massive mammaries, and, if anything, some of the pupils are over-qualified.

Zoe's twin 38s have been aired in *Mayfair* before, though this is believed to be her only video appearance. But she pales into insignificance behind the overwhelming 44DD charms of long dark-haired Georgina. Karen, with the shorter dark hair, is not much smaller at 42, whilst fair-haired Sue and Donna the coloured girl are a much more manageable 36. Jackie, a local Devon girl, who here is showing them the art of stripping behind the bar (essential learning, of course) is a cuddly 38. Perfect for a kissogram girl, we imagine. She is the only girl of the six who delivers them for real.

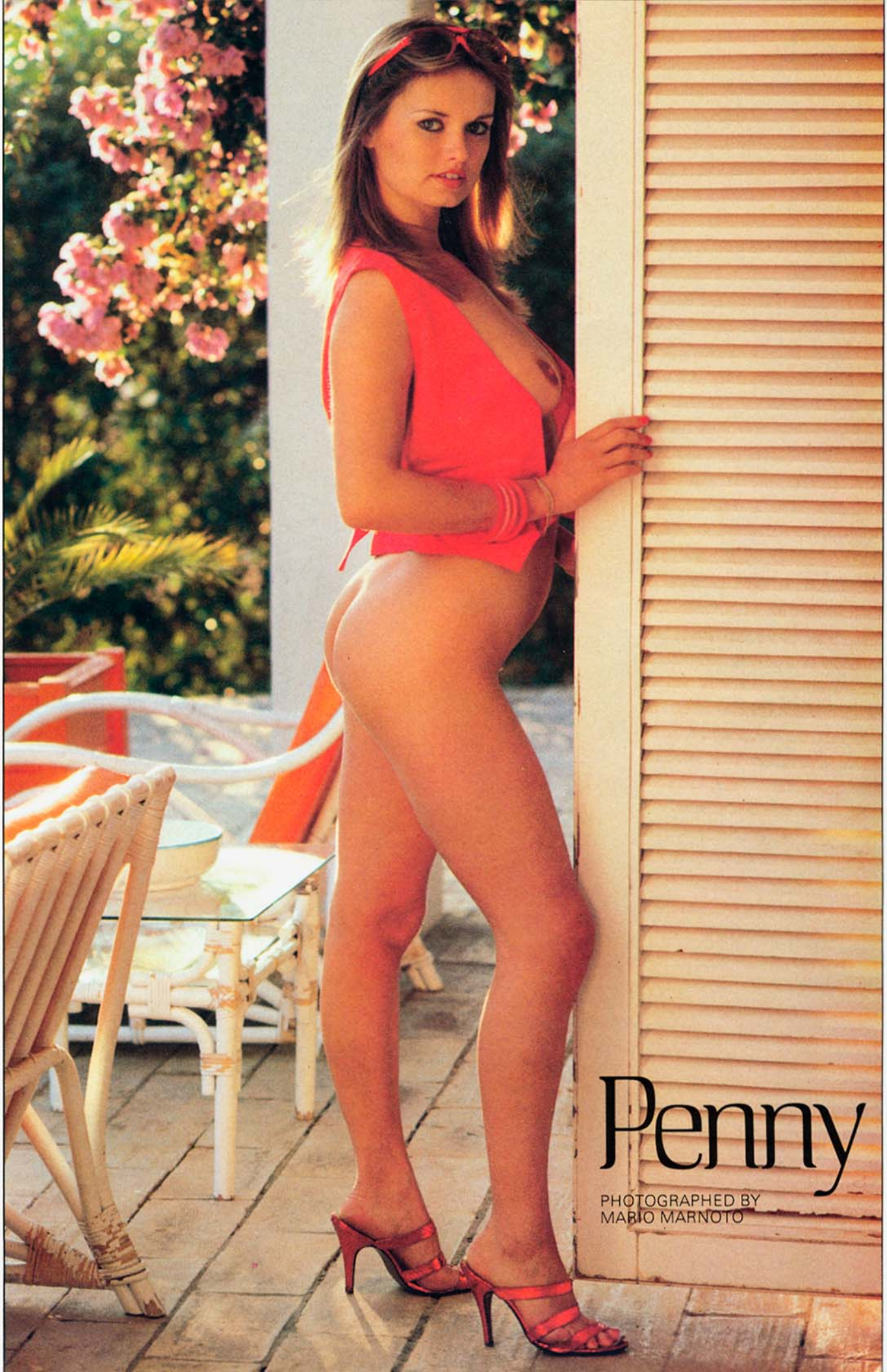
After the jogging, the weight-training (not that any of the girls aren't used to lifting heavy things) and watching Jackie baring all amidst the optics, the next lesson concerning dress was filmed inside the stately Knapcross.

All the girls were found to be wearing extremely frumpy undies, and received an ear-bashing from Jenny, played by a somewhat slimmer girl called Liz. So,

after a shower, it's time for them to find something a little more alluring. Of course this provides the perfect excuse to film ample breasts being squeezed into tiny bras, broad backsides into skimpy panties, and, like director Peter Kay, our photographer captured it all – when it stopped wobbling long enough.

Finally it's time for the girls to show just what they've learned, so each is filmed in an individual strip routine. Quite what the Earl of Egmont, owner of Knapcross House in 1910 would make of the well endowed ladies' routines will never be known. Even the old woman who is said to haunt the house was strangely silent on the set.

Almost as soon as the girls were bare, it was time to get dressed again, leaving Knapcross in the hands of its staff and guests once more. As we go to press, the video is in the later stages of production, and should be available shortly from GS Supplies, *25 Sun Street, Hitchin, Hertfordshire*. The diners at the house are back home with some amazing stories to tell. Nobody, we are assured, was offended. Who knows? Some may have learned something from the day's 'lessons'. So, if a large lady comes up to you, strips down to tiny panties, and give you a big kiss, she might just have been a resident of Knapcross.



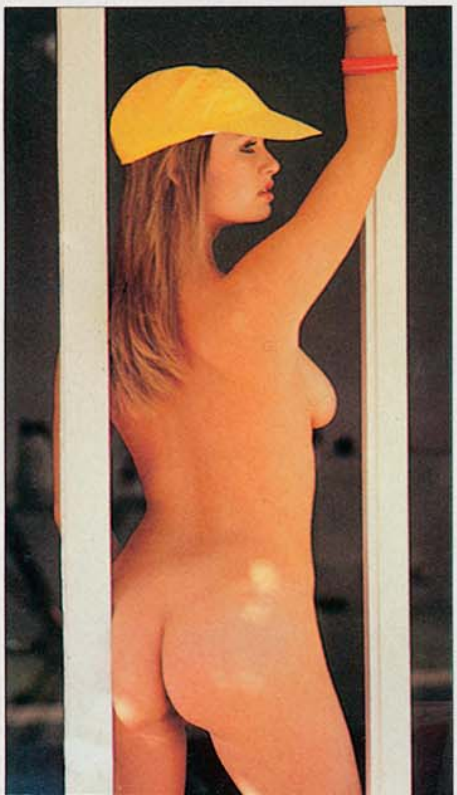
Penny

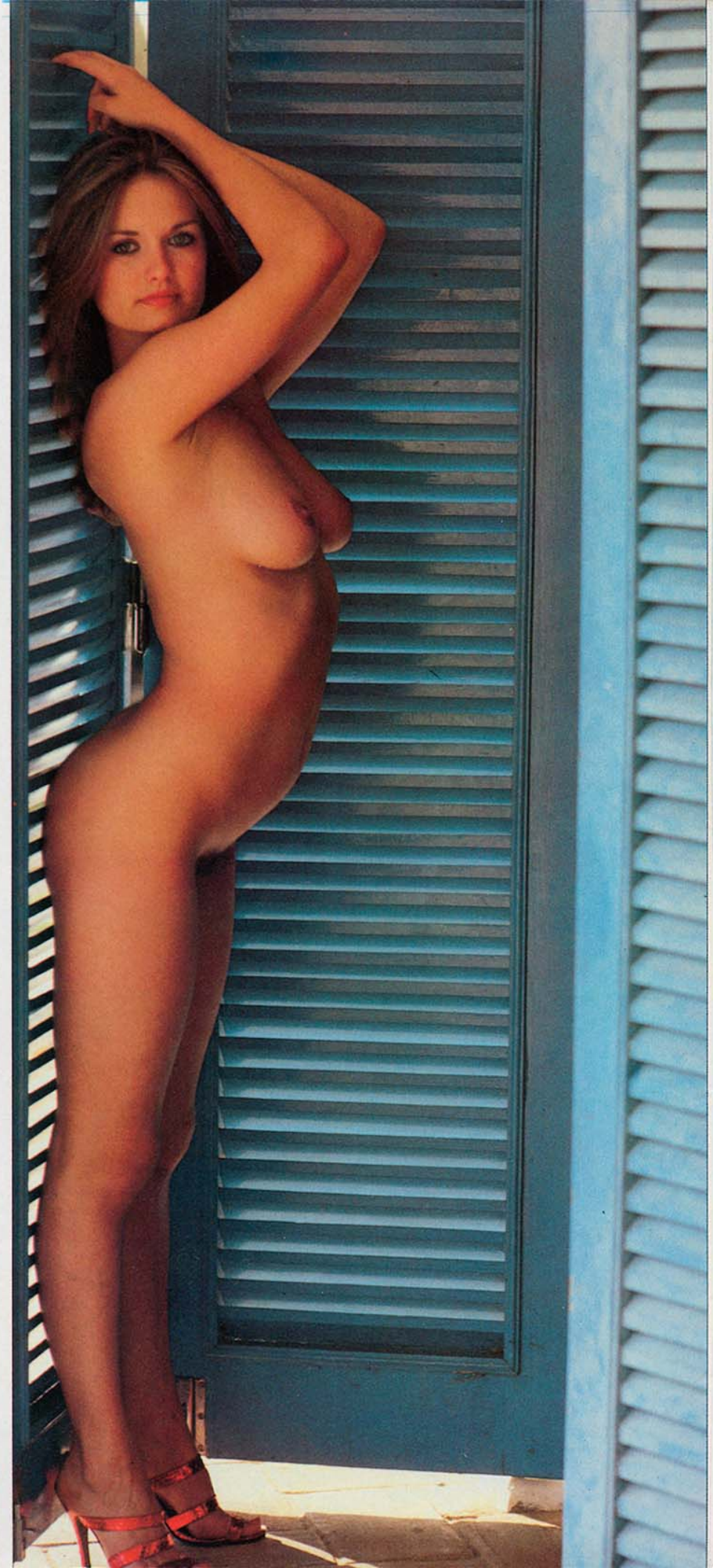
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARIO MARNOTO

'I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.'

If it wasn't for the fact that he penned these lines about 150 years before she was born, Keats could have been thinking of Penny Patterson when he composed them. Apart from her delicious 35-24-35 figure, 20-year-old Penny is strikingly pretty with the kind of face it is difficult to take your eyes off. But this beauty has brains as well, for last autumn she left her sleepy Berkshire village to start an honours degree course in London. 'I want to study English literature of the twentieth century.' We'd prefer to study Penny.

Penny hopes one day to make her mark on modern literature and become a novelist. 'I've now written quite a large number of short stories, and I might try selling some to *Mayfair* as they are quite sexy. But you'll have to guess whether or not they are autobiographical.' To finance her university career Penny works part time in a Soho pub. 'It's great for someone who wants to be a writer as you meet so many different types of people, specially in that part of town.' But chatting up customers in a pub doesn't do much for keeping that slim figure in trim, so if you get up early enough you might spot her jogging along by the banks of the Serpentine.





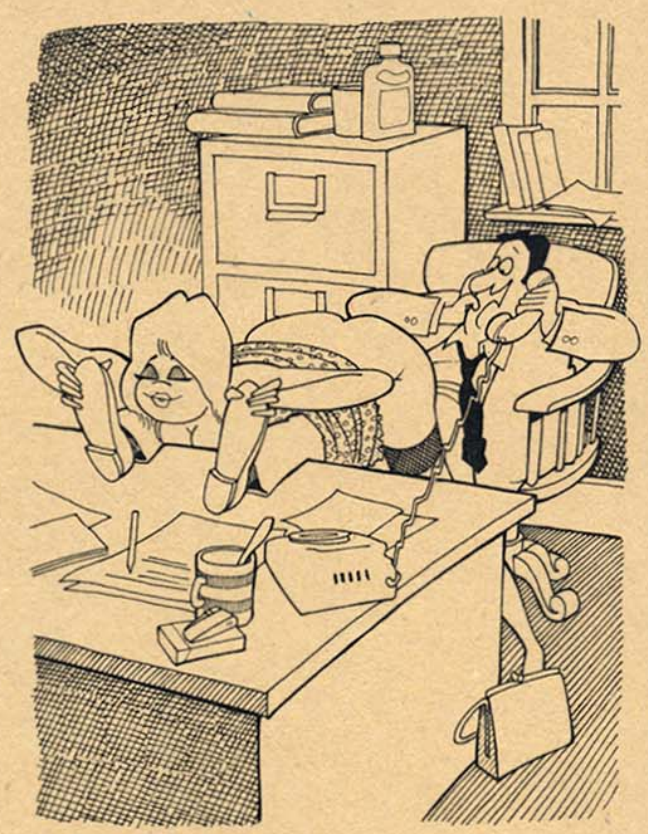
'I'm convinced she's seeing another man.'

SEX TECS

Investigating the world of detective agencies, cartoonist Anthony speculates on why they are known, ahem, as private dicks

'Don't worry, Mirranda, new members always attract a certain curiosity.'

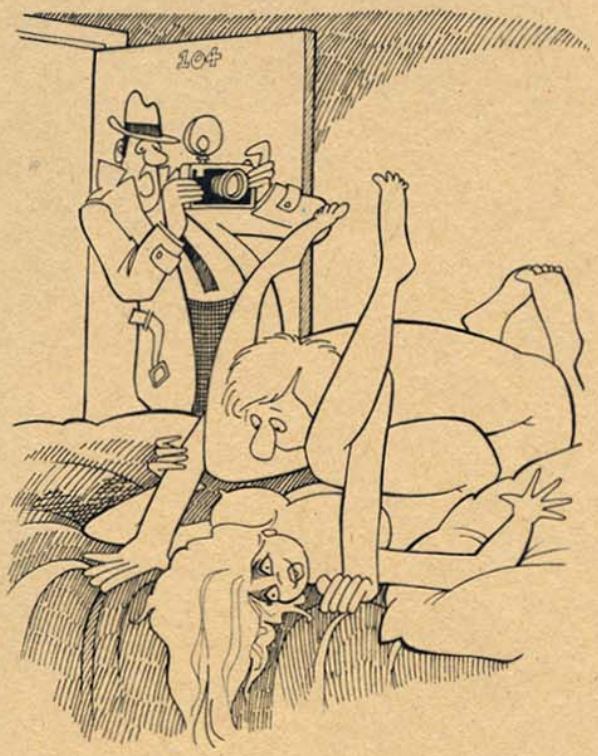
'When looking for a missing person, we usually start by checking the places he used to frequent.'



'I can assure you, Mr Denton, your wife hasn't made a single move that I don't know about.'

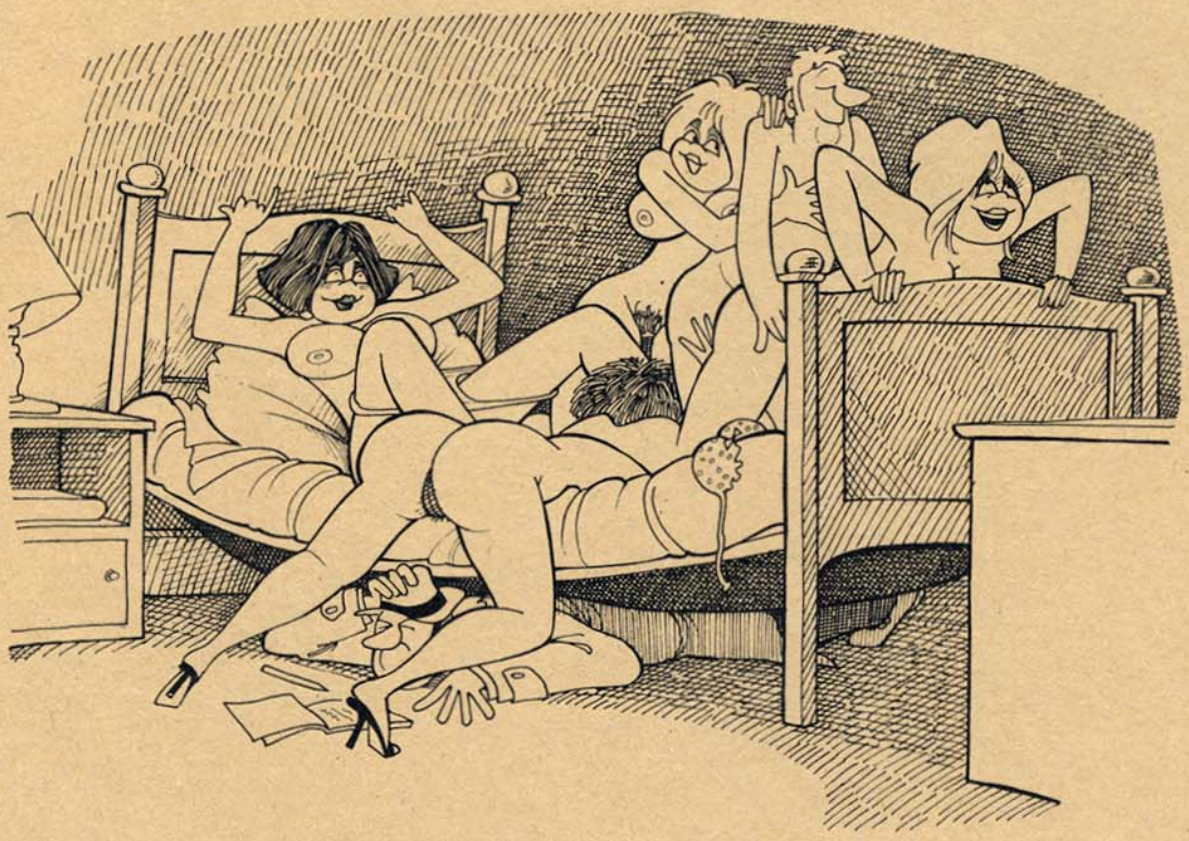
'That's not much for me to go on, is it?'

'I swear she knows that we are keeping her under surveillance.'



'Excuse me, could you both look this way a moment?'

'9.55pm – Miss Plumridge decides to cooperate . . .'



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

What do you call a man with both Aids and herpes?
An incurable romantic.

Dai, a Welsh coal miner, got married but due to the prolonged strike was unable to afford a house or a honeymoon. So, the young couple decided to start their married life together by staying with Dai the Coal's widowed mother.
After the chapel ceremony, and a reception in their new home, the guests departed leaving Mrs Jones, her son and his new bride watching television. At ten, Blodwen made her excuses to her husband and his mother, and went to bed.
'I'll be with you in five minutes,' promised Dai.
As good as his word, five minutes later, Dai went up to their bedroom expecting to find his bride ready and waiting for him. Instead of which, she was still wrestling with the zip of her dress.
'It's jammed, Dai,' she exclaimed. 'I can't get it off.'
'Let me have a go,' said the burly Welshman. He tugged at it but to no avail. Frustrated beyond belief, he stripped down to his waist, and pulled at it again. Still it didn't move. Red-faced and sweating, he stormed out of the bedroom.
'It's no good,' he shouted to his wife. 'I'll have to get the scissors.'
So saying he ran downstairs to his mother sitting knitting quietly in the armchair.
'Mother, I need the scissors,' he said still hot and breathless.
'Oh no, you don't, Dai bach,' replied Mrs Jones sweetly. 'Just tickle it, man, and it will open like a flower.'

Where do randy red indians go when they die?
The happy humping ground.

After the operation, Nurse Brown whispered urgently to the surgeon.
'Sir, sir, there has been a terrible mistake,' she said. 'The patient shouldn't have been castrated, he should have had his tonsils out. He's Mr F Brown not E Brown.'
'Damm it, you're right,' cried the surgeon. Being a resourceful man, he replaced the man's testicles with the only items correct in size, and conveniently to hand – two pickled onions from the anaesthetist's packed lunch. Hastily he sewed them into the patient, and then removed his tonsils before he came around.
One week later, the surgeon was touring the wards when he came to the man who was the unwitting recipient of the false testicles. Remembering the dreadful mistake, he rather nervously asked the man how he was.
'Oh fine,' replied the patient brightly.
The surgeon smiled.
'There is one thing, though ...' the patient continued.
The surgeon looked concerned again.
'Yes, every time I look at Nurse Clarke when she bends down, and her skirt rides up showing the tops of her black stockings and her bare thighs, I get this incredible urge.'
'Really, that's marvellous!' exclaimed the surgeon unable to conceal his relief that his makeshift operation hadn't seemed to have affected the patient's potency. 'I mean, that's nothing to worry about. Any young man is bound to get excited at a sight like that. To tell you the truth, between you and me, I quite fancy the girl myself. What would you like her to do most? Kiss you? Massage you? Make love?'
'No,' replied the patient, his eyes lighting up at the thought. 'I'd like her to bring me a cheese sandwich!'

Our spirit guide tells us that when Oscar Wilde died, he refused to go to hell. Someone had told him it was a bottomless pit.

Chat show host, Michael Parkinspace, had as his guest the octogenarian head of a multi-national company. Half way through the interview, he asked the lively old man what the secret of his stamina was at such a great age.
The 80-year-old turned to him, and said, 'Simple. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I swim a quarter of a mile every day, and I've never had sex in my life.'
'That's all very well,' replied Parkinspace, 'but I had an uncle who abstained from smoking, drinking and sex, swam around a quarter of a mile every day, and he died at the age of 43. How do you explain that?'
'Easily,' replied the old man. 'He didn't do it long enough.'

A man was standing alone in the kitchen at a very dull party. Anxiously the hostess came up to him.
'Are you enjoying yourself,' she asked.
'Yes I am,' he replied, then added wryly, 'There is nothing else to enjoy.'

Performing coital contortions
Without contraceptive precautions,
Poor Emintrude
Let one sperm intrude.
Any readers out there do abortions?

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Although it was announced at the Geneva Motor Show in 1960, the Gordon-Keeble GT, two examples of which are seen here, was only in production between 1964 and 1967. In that time, just under 100 vehicles were made. The Gordon-Keeble's 5,355cc Chevvy engine gives a top speed of 135.5mph. The GT'S turtle symbol (top right) seems inappropriate.

smile and appearance of a self-satisfied Salvation Army officer, enters.
Mr Nochance: Mr Wrong isn't it?
Mr Wrong (rising from the chair, and making it squeak): Yes. Nice of you to see me.
This is his first mistake. Remember you are a customer, and that it is therfore nice for the manager to receive your custom.
Mr Nochance: Do come in.
(They walk to the manager's office together, and there is an embarrassing misunderstanding as to who should enter first).
Mistake No 2. Always be decisive and, above all, make certain that it is your antagonist who feels in the wrong. In this instance, this is precisely what the manager has done.
Mr Nochance: Sit down, won't you.
Mr Wrong (pausing until the manager himself sits down): Thank you.
Mistake No 3. Always sit down first. Otherwise the manager has the opportunity of scrutinising you, looking at your flies, searching for any breakfast stains. If you sit down first, you can do the same.
Mr Nochance (brightly): Now, Mr Wrong. What can we do to help?
Mistake No 4. Never let a prospective lender start the conversation. Start it yourself.
Mr Wrong (apologetically): I was wondering if you could see your way to letting me have an overdraft . . . say a thousand pounds?
Mistake No 5. This is a terrible gambit. Mr Wrong has implied that there is a doubt in his mind as to whether the manager will agree and, worst of all, he has mentioned a ceiling price. The manager must at this stage be kept in the dark.
Mr Nochance (regretfully): Well, Mr Wrong, we are all going through a period of recession, and it is not the bank but the Government which restricts us.
Mr Wrong: Surely you have some autonomy.
A slightly better move but alas, too late.
Mr Nochance: Some, it's true, but I have to get my regional office's approval. What collateral do you have?
Mr Wrong has at least got the manager on to his second line of defence.
Mr Wrong (Truculently, for he realises that things are going badly): I have insurance.
Mr Nochance: How long have you had it?
Mr Wrong: One year.
Mr Nochance (with a sympathetic smile): I am afraid that won't do at all – no surrender value. I see that we have allowed you to overdraw £49. This must be the limit.
(Mr Wrong nods his head helplessly).
Mr Nochance (rising): I'm sorry that in this instance the bank has been unable to help you. Thank you for calling, and goodbye.
(Mr Nochance smiles at the retreating figure of Mr Wrong. Another job well done).

The model interview: The opening scene is as before. A customer, Mr Right, is sitting comfortably on an uncomfortable chair, an air of self confidence on his face. He smiles at the cashier and the accountant. The door opens, and the manager, Mr Pennywise, enters.
Mr Pennywise: Mr Right?
Mr Right (rising after a pause which is imperceptible but long enough to lessen the smile on Mr Pennywise's face): Ah, Mr Pennywise.
The importance of the way in which Mr Right says this cannot be over emphasised.

Rudeness must be avoided but there must be the very faintest hint of patronage, as if there is a delicate air of provincialism about the bank.
Mr Pennywise: Please come in.
Notice the difference. Already you are beginning to win.
Mr Right walks decisively through the door, arrives at his chair just before Mr Pennywise reaches his.
Mr Pennywise: Please do sit down.
Mr Right does so just before Mr Pennywise finishes his sentence. He smiles at Mr Pennywise, and examines the tag on the manager's zip as he resumes his seat.
Mr Right must now speak first but this gambit is of paramount importance as it must lead smoothly into requesting the loan. One of the best ploys, which alas happens only once in a lifetime, is when you have been sent another customer's bank statement in error. All that is necessary then is to hand over the offending statement saying, 'I received this in the post. I think there must be some mistake.' The manager will be so concerned about this breach of a customer's confidence, that he will let you have 'even unto half his kingdom'. This situation is so unlikely that other gambits must be sought. Remember that you must always strive to put the manager at a disadvantage. Examine your bank statement carefully. With computerised print-outs, you will almost always find an item which can be queried, and needs clarification. Mr Right elects to start in this way.
Mr Right: I find this item difficult to understand on my latest statement. I am all for modern techniques but how much more reliable it must have been when statements were hand written.
Mr Pennywise (warily): The new system is time and labour saving.
Mr Right: Ah yes, Mr Pennywise but (roguishly) the interest rates on overdrafts and loans don't get any less.
Mr Pennywise: Everything costs more.
Mr Right (cutting in): That's as may be but the spending power is less. (As if suddenly struck by a thought). What is the interest rate on a loan today?
Mr Pennywise: It depends on the collateral, but about 15 per cent.
Mr Right: You see what I mean. Now suppose you were to make a loan to me of £2,000 repayable over two years. What would it cost me?
Mr Pennywise: It would, as I said before, depend on the collateral you can offer.
Mr Right: Let me paraphrase the statement of a well-known writer. I have nothing to declare but my work incentive.
This should throw the manager. He will be puzzling about the original quotation (was it Wilde or Shaw?) and he will also be bemused by the expression 'work incentive'.
Mr Pennywise: £2,000 at 15 per cent over two years means £2,500 approximately, allowing for life insurance.
Mr Right: Repayments would therefore be approximately £105 a month.
Mr Pennywise: Yes, in that order.
Mr Right (after reflecting): Yes. It's a bit expensive but you are aware of my incomings and, allowing for the parsimony of my local council in awarding grants, this will help me carry out my home improvements.
You probably have no intention of carrying out home improvements but the mention of this helps establish the ant image rather than that that of the grasshopper. You should have hooked him but some managers may fall back on to their second line of defence.
Mr Pennywise: I'll consult regional office.
Mr Right (brushing this aside): My dear Mr Pennywise, I'm quite certain that such a small request comes well within the limit of your authority. And, I understand Mr Goodheart at Barclays ... (What you understand about Mr Goodheart doesn't matter. All that matters is that you got the name right.) I have been lucky enough in getting a local builder who can carry out the work during the next few days, and any delay would make the cost of the improvement much more expensive.
Mr Pennywise: Well, Mr Right I think that just this once (his last rearguard action) the bank can help you. If you will excuse me I'll get the requisite forms for you to sign.
The rest is all plain sailing, except that it is important not to let your guard slip until you are well clear of the bank. One self-satisfied smirk, suppressed cheer or sigh of relief can still undo all your groundwork.
Mr Right (after signing the agreement): Well that seems to be satisfactory. Thank you Mr Pennywise. Your help is appreciated. (Not 'I appreciate your help'). I shall now be able to organise the builder to start as soon as possible. May I use your phone?
Mr Right phones home, and his wife answers.
Mr Right: Hello? Is that Snodgrass the builders? My name is Right. I find that it will be convenient for you to start tomorrow. Would you please make the necessary arrangements? Thank you. Goodbye.
Mr Right's wife is aware of the situation, and will reply in the appropriate way. She will also know he's been successful.
Mr Right is escorted to the front door of the bank by Mr Pennywise. They say goodbye, shaking hands warmly. Mr Pennywise returns to his office, with a glow of satisfaction at a job well done.
Mr Right goes into the nearest pub.

ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

A beginner's guide to successful borrowing

We all need to borrow money at some time. But before you approach your bank manager read our light-hearted guide on how you should handle him

By Anthony Clark

There's an old proverb they use in Spain: debts are like children – the smaller they are, the more noise they make. And that brings us very nicely to the subject I want to deal with. Money. Or, to be more accurate, the lack of it, and how to remedy the situation. The answer's simple. Borrow.

There is still a stigma to borrowing, so first you must put the thought that borrowing is somehow anti-social out of your mind. Everyone from the beggar to the millionaire needs money, and everyone borrows. From Sydenham to Shanghai, Marlow to Moscow they're all at it. But no matter who it is you approach for a loan, bear in mind that Spanish proverb, and aim high, and remember a confident approach can be made to a prospective lender. Indeed, some would say, must be made. But there are many pitfalls, and certain cardinal rules on how to approach your chosen lender, particularly if he's a bank manager.

1 **Dress well**: Never imagine that a ragged shirt is going to make the manager sanction a loan so that you can buy new clothes. He will have one of two reactions:

(a) Complete disgust. This attitude will be clear if he rather pointedly opens the window or starts dusting his desk.

(b) Jealousy. He will wish that his job did not put such an irksome discipline on him, and that he could turn up to work in an open necked shirt and sandals.

This does not mean that you should go to the other extreme, and wear a Savile Row suit. A simple pinstripe with a neutral shirt should be adequate, with perhaps a daring tie.

Do not have your shirt cuffs visible as this indicates a generous nature and, whereas a bank manager does not mind you being liberal with your own money, he does rather object to a similar philosophy with the bank's resources.

Shoes should be discreet, almost demure and above all should not squeak as the Old Wives' tale believes this to indicate that you haven't paid for them.

2 **Fixing an appointment**: Never accept the first date and time offered. Always say that these are inconvenient, even if they are not, and suggest an alternative yourself. You must imply that you are a busy person, and very much in demand. Do not, however, overstress this, for the bank manager, with that suspicious mind on which his future promotion depends, may consider that the people with whom you are in such demand are creditors.

3 **Never arrive early**: Having established the date and the hour of the appointment, always arrive exactly at the correct time. This is not necessarily because your bank manager has a Wellingtonian obsession with punctuality. A far more fundamental reason for arriving at the exact time is to minimise the effect of the common ploy used by most bank managers, namely to 'keep the customer waiting'.

No manager will see you as soon as you arrive. He will keep you in a state of suspended depression for at least ten minutes. He is keeping you waiting for two reasons:

(a) To try and turn you into a bundle of nerves before your interview, or

(b) To change the tape on the cassette recorder in his office.

This waiting time will start from the actual hour of the appointment, and arriving early will only add to it.

4 **Take suitable reading material with you**: In order to lessen the nerve-racking effects of waiting, you should take some suitable reading material with you. Do not rely on the bank leaflets as, apart from being dull, they are mainly about the object of your visit, namely a loan. If the manager sees you reading such a pamphlet, he will consider you to be unprepared, and will therefore have the opportunity of suggesting that you should go away, and consider your request.

Do not take the *Financial Times*. He will consider that this smacks of ostentation, and that you cannot, in any case, afford it.

Do not take a tabloid as he may well be a middle of the road man, and anti page three.

Do not attempt a crossword as you will not be in a satisfactory frame of mind.

Your choice is thus rather limited, and a book is probably the most inoffensive. Here again the choice is of fundamental importance.

Do not, for instance, have *Plato's Republic* or *La Morte d'Arthur*. He will be suspicious of the former's vilification of democracy, and his punctilious mind will not accept the archaic French of the latter.

Something allied to the middle class morality such as *Barchester Towers* is probably the most appropriate.

Let us assume that your waiting is at an end. The door opens, and the manager, with that false smile he acquired during his basic training, beckons to you. The best way of illustrating how to manage the interview is by studying the following scenario.

How not to conduct the interview: The scene is the waiting area of a bank. A customer, Mr Wrong, is sitting on the edge of a chair, furtively rubbing a dirty shoe on the back of his trousers. The door opens, and the manager, Mr Nochance, with the wide

With a top speed in excess of 135 mph and a large 5.3-litre Chevrolet Corvette engine, the stylish Gordon-Keeble GT should have been one of Britain's best cars, but only 100 were made. What went wrong?

GORDON-KEEBLE

Not a footballer but a 5·3 litre 135mph GT

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Ed Alexander

The way of the specialist motor-car makers has, through the years, been paved with good intentions. Alas, so many of these cars have proved to be very sad lost causes. It is one thing to direct one's automotive ideals to out-doing Ferrari or opposing Maserati or Lamborghini, quite another to succeed in this exclusive and hard-won market. Entering the fray alone requires a motor-car of very handsome appearance, very high performance with impeccable handling qualities. And if there can be some racing successes notched-up, so much the better for the otherwise unpredictable financial prospects of the venture.

These high aims are not often accomplished,

or if accomplished, not sustained for long. To produce eye-catching bodywork in very small quantities has never been easy. The mass-production factories, making top of the range GT cars, may be able to adapt a panel here, a fascia there, to cut costs. Not so the very small, self-contained specialist motor makers. Which is why the latter have tended to turn to fibreglass, being less costly than trying to persuade a body-shop to set up presses to make very small and quite uneconomic numbers.

The same applies to engines. No small manufacturer can build his own power-plants. So some proprietary power-unit has to be shoe-horned into the chassis of the idealistic car. It's nice in theory, to be the brightest star in the up-market, very fast, executive GT coupé firmament. But it has been all too apparent that very few people were born in the image of the recently deceased Sir William Lyons of Jaguar. He had the uncanny knack of marketing the kind of exclusive motor-cars so many customers were avid to purchase at a highly

The Gordon-Keeble GT was designed by Bertone of Turin, the chassis by Jim Keeble of Peerless and Warwick cars. The excellence of its performance is matched by the sumptuousness of the car's interior (above). Two small pictures above that, right: A driver's view of the GT's instrumentation, and left, the 5.3 litre Chevrolet V8 engine that allows 0-60 in 7.5 secs.

competitive price, *and* to run a racing department able to win the exacting Le Mans 24-hour marathon in the days when this was contested between cars not too far removed from those in the showrooms.

Among the optimists who tried this game (but not the Le Mans part of it!) and failed to bring it off entirely successfully were John Gordon and JDS Keeble. Their aim, back in 1960, was to build exotic Grand Tourers, as GT coupés were then called, at the rate of 20 a week, of which a considerable number would be sold to the American market. Such an output was regarded as ambitious at the time, and don't let the proposed price of between £2,500 and £2,750 give you the wrong impression. Twenty-five years ago such a price-range implied a very up-market sort of motor-car.

The intention was to use the Peerless factory at Slough in Buckinghamshire for production of the new Gordon Grand Tourer. Peerless Cars was in financial difficulties by then – the Peerless GT model no longer being made. It had been a 1950s venture by John Gordon and Jimmy Brynes, the design, round Triumph TR3 components, having been the work of Bernie Rodger. This brave effort failed eventually, but was revived as the Warwick GT. And, for the record, a Peerless *had* run at Le Mans, in 1958, which is more than can be said of the Gordon or later Gordon-Keeble.

However, the Gordon-Keeble concept was in the best traditions of Italiante cars, the bodies being made by none other than Bertone, the originals made of steel. For motive power, and plenty of it, the Gordon-Keeble had a large, lazy North American engine in the guise of the Chevrolet vee-eight. This very much 'over-square' power-pack was able to poke out a cool 300 bhp from its 5,355 ccs. There was plenty of torque too, to waft this stylish car along, no less than 360 lb/ft of it, at 3,000 rpm. They say the idea came after an American customer had asked for just such a Chevvy engine in his Peerless. The engine was mated to a unit four-speed-and-reverse gearbox.

For a chassis the multi-tube form of construction was used, and in those days the big engine went up front, driving to the rear wheels, whereas today we might hope for a mid-engined confection. Wishbones and coil springs provided the independent front suspension, and at the back there was a sophisticated de Dion back axle of basic Peerless layout but sprung on coils instead of on half-elliptic leaf springs. There was worm-and-wheel steering gear, and disc braking all round. The Gordon-Keeble notch-back four-seater coupé weighed 3,165 lb unladen, and was 15 feet 9 inches in length. The roof-line was only 4 feet 6 inches from the ground, so this was an acceptably low car – I have a discerning friend who says a *real* motor-car is one on which you can rest an elbow, and he is not a tall man.

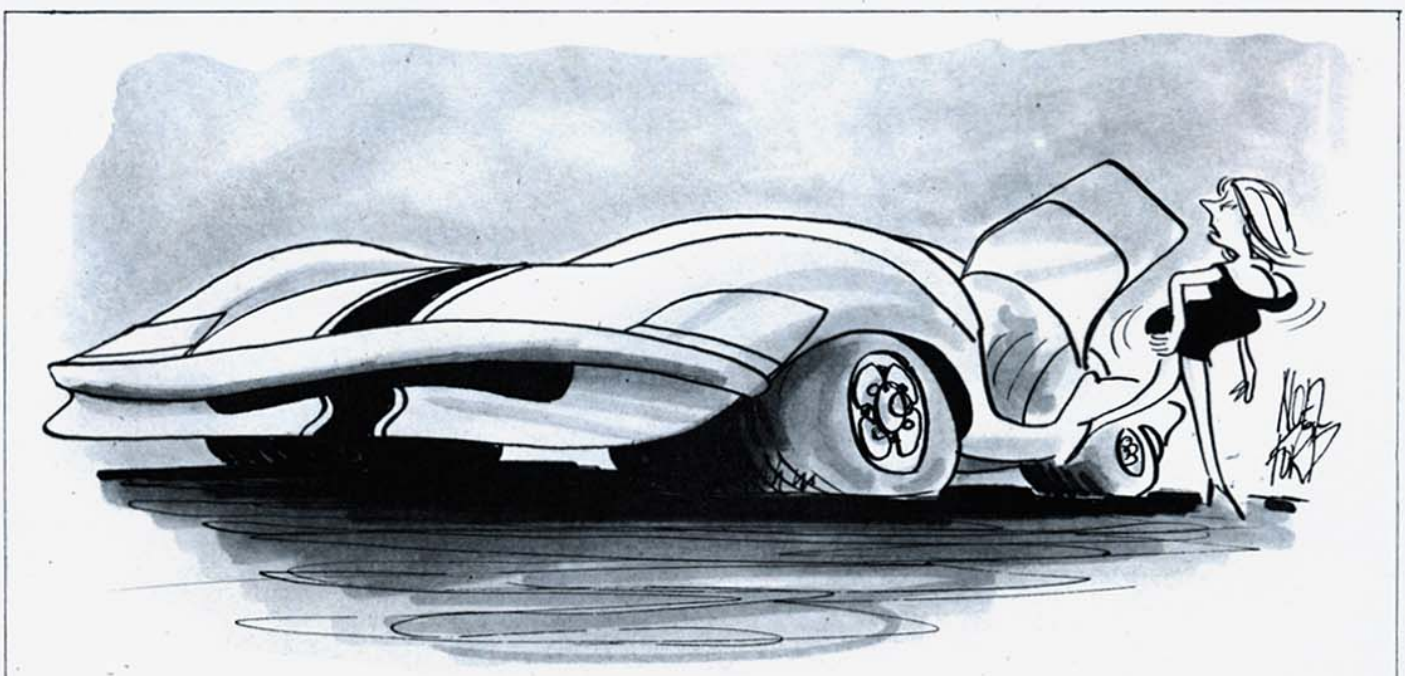
All in all, the future should have been bright for this Gordon-Keeble out of Gordon GT. But this was unhappily not the case, although that shouldn't prevent us enjoying the 80-odd cars that still exist. One snag was that, instead of the steel bodywork visualised by Bertone, recourse was made to glass-fibre, for reasons previously explained. Another snag was that, although the announcement was made in 1960, it wasn't until 1964 that a Gordon-Keeble coupé appeared. The fact was that Jim Keeble had run into financial difficulties, both with Peerless and with its Warwick successor. It was a pity, because the big 5.3 litre Chevrolet engine gave the rather bulky car a top speed of some 136 mph. It would also go from 0-60 in 7½ seconds, and devour the standing quarter mile in 15.8 seconds, while returning around 18 mpg of then far-less-expensive petrol.

For a time industrialist George Wansborough, one-time Chairman of the Jowett Company, came to the rescue, and production continued at a new factory, at Eastleigh in Hampshire. There they proposed to build three Gordon-Keebles a week, the bodies coming from Williams and Pritchard. It just didn't work out. Even today you meet people who will tell you what went wrong with the car that was priced at less than the contemporary Aston Martin; but unless you have actually *owned* one, it would be unwise for an historian to quote their views. It seems that about 80 cars had been built altogether when the firm went into liquidation, and Jim Keeble left.

However this wasn't the end. Harold Smith, one of the agents, perhaps determined to try to cut his losses, found an even smaller factory in Southampton, and tried to continue production. He was obliged to push the price up from the initial £2,798 to a lofty £3,989, and maybe the DB5 Aston Martin looked a better bet to those in the market-place for an exclusive fast car. Anyway, after putting together a further 19 Gordon-Keebles, now named the IT coupé, liquidation once more reared its ugly head.

Even this is not the very end of the story. There were always hope that something good would rise from the financial ashes. And so it did. John de Bruyne, a Newmarket businessman, thought well enough of the Gordon-Keeble theme to try once more, or so it was said. It was in Newmarket that two de Bruyne Gordon-Keebles were made utilising the American engine as do other cars in this class like the Bristol, and Jensen AC Cobra and Allard have done in the past, intended for export to the United States. After that there was a new mid-engined coupé, and then it all really came to a full stop, this time for keeps. But meet a Gordon-Keeble owner, and he or she will be glad to tell you why this should never have happened.

Anyone interested in knowing more should contact Ernest Knott, owners' club president, on 0280 701009.



'Frankly, I was hoping for less torque and more action.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Much publicity has centered recently on just what triggers sexual attraction. Continuing our series on what women find initially appealing in men, Quest learned that a man's bottom can be that catalyst

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow. all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

SHOP ASSISTANT, 22-years-old, blonde, town of origin Birmingham

The interviewee left school at 16, and has had a wide range of jobs since then. Currently she works in a young person's clothes store. She lives alone in a rented flat.

Quest: You were telling us earlier that you tend to judge men by appearance. What is the first thing you look for in a man?

Shop assistant: I ought to say his face, but I'm afraid it's the other end entirely.

Quest: His feet?

Shop assistant: NO! His bottom. He should have a neat little bottom and a pair of tight jeans to show it off.

Quest: Have all your boyfriends had what you term 'neat, little bottoms'?

Shop assistant: Yes. Oh apart from David, his was rather on the flabby side, but he had other attributes! Still, I must admit that when I thought I was in love with him, I wished he was thinner around the hips. My first boyfriend had a beautiful bum . . .

Quest: Tell us about him.

Shop assistant: Well, when I was about 16, I was dotty about Cliff Richard. I know it sounds childish, but whenever he came on television, I used to go all gooey inside. It was because he used to wear those really tight hipster trousers, and you could see that he had a really dinky little bum. And the way he moved it, well, I just used to stare at the television, praying for a full length shot from the side or better still the back. Well, Glen was built in very much the same way. He was nearly six foot, slim, with perfect hips. And his bottom was really . . . how can I describe it . . . really pretty.

Quest: In what way?

Shop assistant: It was small for a start, and firm. Most men's backsides are like cushions, his barely wobbled at all as he walked. Lovely.

Quest: Where did you spot this perfect posterior?

Shop assistant: You're not taking the mickey, are you? Good. The simple answer would be that we were at school together. Glen was in the sixth form, a prefect actually, and I was doing CSEs. I had a bit of a crush on him from the start, even in his baggy regulation school trousers, but then one day I saw him walking down New Street with some friends. I shall never forget, he

We'd got on well in the pub, so I thought he was OK.

Quest: So you went back to your flat. And did you make the first move?

Nurse: No, I didn't leap on him or anything. We sat on the sofa, and Dave put his arm round me, and kissed me on the lips. I kissed him back, and pretty soon we were kissing quite passionately. Our tongues were exploring each other's mouths, and his hands were wandering over my boobs, and up inside my jumper. My boobs are firm enough so I don't wear a bra, and his fingers soon found my nipples. They are very sensitive, and I soon felt that old dampness between my legs. We'd sort of ended up with me on my back on the sofa, and Dave on top of me. I reached round and grabbed his behind. I'd been dying to do that all evening as his jeans were skin tight, always a real turn on for me, and I could see how firm it was. I squeezed his bottom, and felt his hardness pressing against me through his jeans. I couldn't get my hands down the back of his jeans as they were too tight, so I told him to undo them. He rolled halfway onto his side, and undid them. I reached in and pulled him out, hard and hot. As I massaged his thingy I felt his hand go up my skirt, and his fingers slip under the elastic of my knickers. First one then a second slid along my crack and then inside me.

Quest: Did you have sex?

Nurse: Yes, his fingers were working away inside me, rubbing me and teasing. At the same time I was pulling him, rubbing his foreskin backwards and forwards. I could tell from his groans that he wouldn't be able to hold out for long, so I said, I want you now. I want you inside me. He virtually ripped off my knickers, and slipped into me. As he began to slide in and out, I ran my fingers down his back and onto his bottom. It was hard and muscular like I'd imagined. And as I squeezed and kneaded it, stroked and tickled it with my fingernails, I could feel the little dimples made by the knot of muscles. As his moans got louder, and he neared his climax I pushed against his bum as firmly as I could, pressing him into me. Then I felt him come . . .

Quest: Did you climax?

Nurse: Oh, I should say so. As he came he kept thrusting hard, and that did it. It sent me over the top, and I came too. We both collapsed exhausted afterwards, but recovered enough to make love again before the next morning.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

SOLICITOR, blonde, 30 years old, single, town of origin Manchester

This interviewee was educated at a grammar school before gaining admission to a mainstream university where she studied law. She lives alone in a small town house she has recently purchased.

Quest: What do you consider to be the most important thing about a man that would make you initially attracted to him?

Solicitor: A sense of humour. Life's too short to be miserable.

Quest: And physically?

Solicitor: That which you're sitting on.

Quest: Bottoms.

Solicitor: Now I know that you may think it a bit odd, but I find a man's bottom so interesting, so cute. It's completely different from a woman's bottom – the curves seem to go in different directions; the sides slope in rather than out.

> "I sneaked into the shower room, and was goggle-eyed at all those boys' bottoms. I'll never forget that image"

Quest: Do you like small or large bottoms?

Solicitor: Personally, I like men with pert, neat bottoms, although I have a girlfriend, also a bottom-fancier, who admits that she likes the more well-rounded look.

Quest: So you talk about the physical attractiveness of particular men with her?

Solicitor: To a certain extent. She's really my best friend – we were in the same class at school together in the fifth form. It's probably there that this bottom-mania started.

Quest: In what way?

Solicitor: Karen and I were quite keen on this boy who was in the sixth form. You know, school football star, and all that. Well we worked out one day that we'd try and see him in the changing rooms after rugger. It was all very silly stuff really, but he was very good looking, and Karen and I did have this silly crush on him. Completely irrational I grant you because we had never spoken more than about two words to him. It was based purely on physical good looks, nothing more, and the fact that half the girls in school seemed to idolise him.

Quest: How did you get into the changing room with the boys?

Solicitor: Well, we didn't really get in, not all the way. We thought about borrowing a pair of my brother's pants and sneaking in disguised as boys. We both had short hair then so it might have worked, but in the end we settled for the full-frontal approach.

Quest: And what did it entail?

Solicitor: Very brazenly walking into the changing-room, seeing the sports-master talking to a group of boys in a corner, and heading to the shower part. And that's when we saw it.

Quest: Saw what?

Solicitor: A view of what seemed to be dozen of boys' bums, staggering into the shower. I was so goggle-eyed that I didn't even notice any of the front views, and I didn't even get to see my hero, bum or anything, because just as my mind had recovered composure one of the boys in the corner with the master spotted us, and yelled out 'Girls', and there was much shrieking, a couple of flashes from the guys in the showers, but having been discovered, we turned on our heels and ran before anyone recognised us.

Quest: And that vision has stayed with you till today.

Solicitor: Yes. Remember, we were fifteen years old, both virgins, and I'd never had any sexual experience at all. I'd never even seen a man's penis.

Quest: Did you have any brothers?

Solicitor: Only two sisters, both younger, and Mummy and Papa never talked to us about bodily functions.

Quest: And how did this fascination with men's bottoms manifest itself?

Solicitor: It came out at college.

Quest: In what way?

Solicitor: At college I had a couple of non-serious relationships with boys, which included sex.

Quest: Did you lose your virginity at college?

Solicitor: No. After my A-levels and before getting a place at university, I took a short job as a junior in a local printing works. My first sexual encounter was with this overseer, an older man, twice my age, nearly forty. He was married, his wife was having a baby, and he was quite an experienced ladies man. I was a silly girl. We had sex about half a dozen times, and it was a very marvellous experience. Obviously it gave me a grounding, if you know what I mean, in a relationship that was purely sexual.

Quest: So what happened at college?

Solicitor: These relationships I was talking about earlier were similar I suppose, there was no emotional involvement on my part. Then at a party I was introduced to this very, very dishy guy, Alan, who played rugger for the college. We were only introduced, and didn't find time together that night. But I thought he was very good-looking facially, and he seemed to have a good line in chat, and seemed popular. Over the next few weeks we saw more and more of one another, bumping into each other on the stairs or at the local off-licence, that sort of thing, but still there wasn't any attraction from my point of view.

Quest: Was there from his?

Solicitor: It was hard to judge. He was very friendly to me, seemed as though he liked me, but that doesn't necessarily mean anything, does it?

Quest: So what changed your mind?

Solicitor: A group of us, mainly girls went down to the inter-college rugby game – we made it into a picnic with a packed lunch, and sat just off the touch line. Our team was playing in white shorts, and Alan stood out

had a pair of those hipster trousers on then, very tight at the back, in a pale blue. He looked fabulous. I just wanted to go up to him and pat him on the bottom. That same gooey feeling I got when Cliff was on television came over me again.

Quest: So what did you do?

Shop assistant: I was with Tracy, who quite fancied one of the other guys, so we decided to follow them. They were heading towards Hurst Street, so we guessed that they were going to *Thursdays*, a club, very trendy then. So we decided to cut them off, and try to make it look like we had bumped into them by accident. Our timing was perfect, and we met them outside the door. Always being the one to instigate things, I said, 'Hello, Glen,' and struck what I thought was a sexy pose. I remember I was wearing a fairly low cut dress (with a bra – Mum wouldn't let me out without one), and I sort of pushed them out, and pouted. I'd just discovered lipstick, and plastered myself in a bright red one. I must have looked ridiculous. In fact, Glen tried to ignore me, and go straight in. Eventually, he said, 'You're Gillian (name changed) aren't you? Coming in?' Of course, I said yes, even though my folks thought I was on my way home.

Quest: What happened inside?

Shop assistant: To cut a long story short, I made such a nuisance of myself that eventually, he had to dance with me. I think he'd had a few by then, because when it came to one of the slow numbers, I began to find out I wasn't the only one into bottoms.

Quest: How do you mean?

Shop assistant: As we danced I felt his hands slipping lower and lower. I was wearing a really tight pencil skirt which were in at the time, and suddenly I felt my right cheek being given a meaty squeeze, whilst his other hand was trying to undo the zip. I thought this was a bit much in a crowded disco, but if he was going to squeeze my bum, why shouldn't I do the same. I edged my hands around his back, and reached down. Ooooh it was lovely. Firm, smooth, just right. Suddenly I started plastering him with lipsticky kisses. I think he was a bit taken aback by my squeeze, because he went a bit cold after that. His hands went back around my waist. I think he thought I was telling him to leave my bottom alone. But after the most passionate kiss a 16-year-old could manage, his hands starting roving again. As our tongues started to explore, so did he. He was inside my top this time, tickling my breasts through my bra. I wanted to touch him again, but decided against it. Besides, I was quite enjoying myself.

Quest: Did it go any further?

Shop assistant: Yes, later in the car. He offered to drive me home. This was at about midnight, and as we got in, he reached over to my thigh, and wormed his way inside my skirt. We started to kiss again, this time with his hand right at the top of my leg, inching into my knickers. He had opened his shirt by then to reveal a fair imitation of a hairy chest, but that didn't interest me. Instead as he sat, I slid my hand into the gap at the back of his trousers. As he reached inside my knickers, I reached inside his. It felt smooth, hard, and beautifully curved, and I was getting very hot and wet. We both ran our fingers along, kissing all the time. As his fingers rubbed my pubes, and then pushed just that bit further, I ran mine into the groove of his bottom. Not very far because, I couldn't reach but far enough for him to be spurred on to finger me to a climax. I really yelled as I came. I'd lost my virginity at a party when I'd been too drunk to notice, so this was my first 'sober' climax.

> 'As Jim licked at my boobs I began to kiss everything I could. He even ended up with love bites on his bottom'

Quest: How did the relationship progress?

Shop assistant: Not very well. It soon transpired that the only appealing part of Glen was his bum. His character stank, so we split up. Mind you, my parents nearly killed me that night. I got home at about quarter to one, lipstick everywhere, skirt half undone, and my top ripped.

Quest: Now, of course, you'd have a whole shopful of clothes to replace them.

Shop assistant: Yes, I do have a pretty large wardrobe. We get a staff discount you see. And, of course, it is an ideal place for 'bum watching'. You see all sorts going in and out of the cubicles. That's how I met my current boyfriend actually.

Quest: Really?

Shop assistant: Yes. He'd come in to buy a new pair of Wranglers, as his old ones had holes in the most disgusting places! I know, he was wearing them at the time. As soon as he walked in, I got that 'Cliff Richard feeling' and in an imitation cockney accent I said to Suzy at the till, 'Cor, look at the bum on that!' It was just like Glen's, only instead of looking at you like you were something you shouldn't tread in, Jim wandered over, smiled warmly, and said, 'What have you got in a 30/32?' In the fraction of a second before I replied, we'd both scanned every inch of each other's body, and both obviously enjoyed the view. I was in what I called my leather overalls, about £350 worth (to you that is) of skintight black leather trousers and motorcycle-style jacket, all zips and studs. I am rather better at make-up now too, and I could see that he wanted to kiss every bit of me, as much as I wanted him to do it. We kept looking at each other all the time I led him to the racks, and when he found a pair, and disappeared into the changing room to try them on, I felt like he was gone for weeks. Then he finally emerged. The jeans looked like they had been painted on, and the tight denim across his bottom made it look even better. He asked what I thought. I think it was obvious . . .

Quest: So how did you get him to offer to take you out?

Shop assistant: I was a bit naughty, I suppose. When he went back into the changing room to put on his old jeans again, I gave him about five seconds to pull down the new ones, and then burst in on him! With mock coyness, I said, 'Oh dear, I am sorry, sir, we aren't ready . . .' Very convincing coming from a lady in skin tight black leather, gawping at a perfect peach of a bum where his underpants had slipped down below the cheeks. Then, there was another two seconds of hundreds of silent messages, followed by two hands around my waist, and a great smacker of a kiss on the lips. 'Oooh sir,' I said keeping up the pretence, then smacked him right on the bare bottom. He pulled up his pants and invited me out after work.

Quest: How did it go?

Shop assistant: After a meal we went back to his flat. I don't normally do much on the first date but somehow I knew this was right. We kissed and explored every inch of each other on the sofa that night. My hands and mouth ran over his chest, his stomach, and of course his bottom, over and over until I was so hot I could feel myself all sticky inside my outfit. He ran his hands up and down my thighs, up and over my breasts, kissing and nibbling my neck seemingly for hours. Then I stood up in front of him, and said, 'You've shown me yours, now see mine.' With deliberate slowness, I undid the button and zip, and inched the tight trousers down. I was so hot I was literally peeling them off my thighs. Then I kicked them right off, turned my back to him, and, like a flasher, pulled down my knickers. He was a bum fancier too, obviously because the next few minutes he was everywhere. I felt his lips and tongue on my breasts and nipples, between my legs – everywhere. I returned the compliment by pulling his new jeans down, and kissing everything I could find. Especially his bottom. Jim must be the only man with love bites on his bum! We were both so wound up now that we had to have sex. It was fast and furious, then slow and tender, and always exciting. It has been ever since.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

NURSE, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin London

This interviewee left school at eighteen with two A Levels, and trained as a nurse at a London teaching hospital. She is single, and shares a flat with two other nurses.

Quest: There has been a lot of talk in newspapers and on television about the various

parts of men that women find attractive. Is there any specific part of a man which you find a turn on?

Nurse: Ask a silly question ... But it isn't really a silly question because most of the girls I know aren't as obsessed with a man's naughty bits as men like to make out.

Quest: So what bits do you like?

Nurse: The bottom, definitely. A nice pert little bum really excites me. But it has to be pert. I don't like men with fat bottoms. They must be lean and muscular, sort of dimpled in the cheeks, if you know what I mean.

Quest: Yes. We do. So you mean to say that you will fancy a guy if you like the look of his bottom?

Nurse: Yes, as long as he's not ugly or anything. I mean that if a guy is fairly nice looking, a pert bum will certainly be a plus factor if I'm sizing him up.

Quest: So has there ever been an occasion when you've had sex with a guy just because you like his bottom?

Nurse: Yes, twice really, but they stem from the same occasion. I mean that the memory of one sparked off the second time. But I suppose that my fascination with their bums did lead to sex.

Quest: What happened the first time?

Nurse: It was with Robert. I was seventeen, and in the sixth form at school. I was going out with him, and had been for several months, but up to then we hadn't had it off. We'd only gone in for heavy petting.

Quest: Were you a virgin?

Nurse: No. I had already made love with two other boys in fairly long-standing relationships.

Quest: So what led you to have sex with Robert?

Nurse: His bum. Well, sort of. Robert was in the athletics team at school, and used to train in the evenings in the summer. One day we'd arranged to go to the pictures together, so I sat on the field to watch him running while I waited. It wasn't worth me going all the way home and back to town. Anyway, I was watching him run, and when he went past I saw what a tight little bum he had. He was wearing very brief, very tight shorts, and the running movements were making his muscles flex. It was a really pert bum, sort of concave with no excess flesh, just muscle.

Quest: Hadn't you noticed it before?

Nurse: No. It was winter when we'd started going out together, so he wore heavy clothing all the time. And it was the first time I'd seen him run.

Quest: Did you decide then and there that you would have sex with him?

Nurse: No. It wasn't as cut and dried as that. I was watching him run, and I felt all sort of hot, horny I suppose, althought I wasn't that experienced then. I had visions of slipping his shorts down and squeezing those firm buttocks.

Quest: And did you?

Nurse: Yes. I was imagining all this to myself while Robert was running, and I felt myself getting damp down there. When he'd finished, all the others went in to shower, but he came over to talk to me. I told him how great he looked, and joked about how I felt like pulling down his shorts and grabbing his bum.

Quest: How did he react?

Nurse: He was quite chuffed, and I could see the idea had excited him. He took me by the hand, and after a quick look round to see that no-one was watching, led me round the back of the cricket pavilion.

Quest: You were happy to go there?

Nurse: Yes. As I've already told you, we'd been going in for heavy petting, and I

> "I watched his bottom as he ran past. I had this sudden impulse to pull his shorts down and squeeze his bum"

thought that would be as far as it was going to go. Anyway I was excited.

Quest: But it went further?

Nurse: Yes. We got behind the pavilion, and Robert just said, go on then, or something to that effect. I reached my hands out, and just slipped my fingers into the elasticated waistband of his shorts, and ran them down his bottom until my hands were cupping his little bum. He tensed his muscles, and I squeezed and stroked him as he pushed against me. We kissed, and Robert's tongue pushed its way into my mouth, exciting me even more as my fingers kneaded him. I felt him grow hard against me, and looking down I could see his thingy sticking through the thin material of his shorts.

Quest: Did you have intercourse?

Nurse: Yes. I was so worked up what with feeling him pressing against me, his tongue exploring my mouth, and that wonderful bum in my hands that I didn't really know what I was doing. Robert laid me down on the grass, opened my legs, and pulled down my pants. He didn't even bother taking off my blazer or skirt, we were both so worked up. He slipped down his shorts, and his thing sprang into view, hard and ready. I knew then that he was going to go all the way, actually fuck me, and I wanted him to. He knelt between my legs, and positioning himself slid into me easily as I was already so wet in anticipation.

Quest: Did you climax?

Nurse: Yes, I did. It was my first proper climax. Robert was between my legs, sliding in and out. It felt hard and hot, and I reached up and grabbed his bottom. I wanted to feel it, feel the muscles moving as he pounded into me. I think that's what sent me over the edge, the feel of that bottom moving up and down. I pictured it to myself, and just then I felt him spurting into me. That was enough to bring me off, and I grabbed his bottom, and squeezed it tight as I came. The whole thing was over in a few minutes because neither of us was that experienced. But it was certainly one of the most memorable sex episodes of my life. I can remember every detail, even the smell of the grass, as if it was yesterday.

Quest: To bring in a more practical note, weren't you worried about getting pregnant?

Nurse: No, I was on the pill. A lot of us were, not that we really needed to be. It was a sort of status thing.

Quest: Oh, we see. You said the memory of that episode led to another similar one?

Nurse: Yes, it did. Last summer. In Hyde Park. There was a guy jogging. I was sitting on a bench reading, and he ran past me. He was wearing skimpy white shorts, and for some reason I started to think back to that time with Robert. This guy was a similar build and colouring, and he had a gorgeous bum, just how I like them.

Quest: Why did you start thinking about Robert? Was it just the guy's bottom in shorts?

Nurse: Partly. But to be honest I think that I was a bit frustrated. I'd split up with my boyfriend a few weeks before, and there'd been no-one else in the meantime. I was feeling a bit randy that day, and I suppose that's what triggered my memories.

Quest: Did you say anything to him?

Nurse: No. I watched him run past in those shorts, watching his bum. I had a terrible impulse to pull them down and squeeze it, his bottom I mean. But he ran on, and I thought that was that.

Quest: But it wasn't?

Nurse: No. He came running back about ten minutes later, and as he ran by me he looked at me, and I smiled at him. I didn't really expect him to stop, it was a sort of friendly smile, but a sort of subconscious come-on as well. But he did stop, and said hello.

Quest: How did you react?

Nurse: I said hello, and we started to chat.

Quest: He chatted you up?

Nurse: Yes, he did. And I must admit I was responsive. In fact he asked me out for a drink that night, and I agreed. I don't know what sort of girl this makes me sound, but I did want to have sex with him. I had no intention of initiating it, but I thought he would, and I knew I would succumb. I had all those memories of Robert and that afternoon going round in my head, and I wanted to get my hands on Dave's – that was his name. My previous boyfriend didn't have a sexy bum, so it had been some time since I'd had my hands on one.

Quest: Did you have sex that night?

Nurse: Yes. When we came back from the pub. Dave lived fairly near me, so we went to my local where they have a live group playing. We both drank rather a lot, because we were nervous I should think. Anyway, when the pub closed I took him home for coffee as I knew my flatmates were away.

CARRIE

Everyone warms up when Carrie has a work-out

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right from the start, but I couldn't tell what it was. But in fact it was that whereas the other guys had on these rather loose rugby shorts, Alan's were much more tight.

Quest: And how did you notice his bum?

Solicitor: I had it poked in my face, almost. An exaggeration I know, but as I said, we were on the touch line, and play came down our way and there was a scrummage just in from the touch line. When the ball was put in, one team turned the other, so on the boundary we got this marvellous view of these arses, and Alan's was the most striking of all. It brought back all those memories of when I was fifteen, and being in the changing room. I felt myself start to get all flushed, all hot and bothered. In fact, it was one of the men in the group who brought me back to earth with some comment about my staring.

Quest: And how did you come to have sex with Alan?

Solicitor: The next weekend there was a student union party, and practically the whole campus was there. I did something deliberately about it for the first time ever. I tried to take control.

Quest: How did you do that?

Solicitor: By making sure that I was well-placed for him to notice me, and by wearing my very sexiest, no-bra outfit. I've always thought I had a reasonable figure.

Quest: I agree.

Solicitor: The trouble was that I had difficulty fending off a couple of other men friends that evening. When Alan arrived he seemed to notice me straight away, and he came over to me, and said that he'd seen me at the game the other day, and hoped that I'd enjoyed myelf. If he'd have only realised. I'd made up my mind that I'd have sex with him if the opportunity arose, but I wanted to leave before the rest of his rugger chums arrived, and they started to get drunk. I'd heard that Alan could put quite a few pints away.

Quest: And what happened then?

Solicitor: We spent part of the evening together, talking, and I'm afraid I, for the first time ever, made it obvious that I would be willing to go to bed with him.

Quest: How?

Solicitor: The little signals. The tongue, brushing against him, oh I can't recall it all, it was a good few years ago now. Then he came up to me a bit later and said that he found those sort of parties so boring with fellow students all very earnest and trendily left-wing politically. He was there on a scholarship, and he despised the majority of other students who came from wealthy families who were supporting them, but who purported to be caring liberals. He was right, of course. We're all doctors, lawyers and the like, all pillars of our conservative environment. Sorry.

Quest: Did he suggest leaving?

Solicitor: He wanted to know if I fancied a curry. I didn't tell him I'd eaten before I'd left for the party. So we went for this Indian meal, and I just picked at the food, and then he offered to walk me home to my digs. I remember putting my arm round him as we walked, it just seemed natural. It wasn't tightly round him or anything, and as we walked I let my hand just drop a little so I could feel his bottom. It was the first time. I sensed that it would be no disappointment in the flesh.

Quest: And was it?

Solicitor: I invited him upstairs, and let him go up first, and I followed closely behind. He was wearing tight denim jeans that evening, and as he walked up the stairs his hips looked so ... not menacing, but powerful, yet very tight, muscular, almost mean. He obviously knew the score, and no sooner were we inside than he was kissing me, I don't think I even turned on the light. First it was a gentle kiss on the lips, but next time it was stronger, and I let his tongue into my mouth. Not here, I said, in the bedroom, and I showed him through. We went into the bedroom, and closed the door. We were kissing again, his arms round me, and he pressed himself into me. I remember that I must have put on a tape, and we were sort of half dancing, grinding together, and I had my arms round his waist with my hands on his bum. Next he pulled away, and started undoing the dress I had on. It buttoned up the front, and after he'd undone a couple of buttons he slid the straps down, and I was there bare breasted with him. His hands began to rub my nipple, drawing it out, and then we were kissing again, although this time he was moving his head lower, onto my boobs, taking my nipple into his mouth, gently sucking and nibbling at it. My nipples are very tender, and my most erogenous part, and once I felt his breath on me there I knew I couldn't wait much longer. In the end I had to break away ... I just wanted him inside me, I wanted us to be naked so I could explore every inch of him, so I stepped back and let the dress fall away. I undid my slip and stepped out of my panties. 'Now you,' I said, and he turned away and began to undress. He stripped off to his briefs and socks, then put his thumbs in the waist band and pulled his underpants down, so the first view I had of him wasn't a frontal view, but his lovely little bottom emerging from his underpants. I loved the way the cheeks looked as though they had dimples, lovely and sleek. Then he turned round to face me, and he was stroking his tool, getting it erect, and it crossed my mind then how silly men's things are. We settled back on the bed, and I opened my legs, and took hold of his thing, and helped him find my opening. As he entered me there was a beautiful searing pain, which spread through my body, a lovely warm feeling, and as I was damp down there he plunged into me hard and fast. As he built up speed I remember moaning, and thrashing my head about, and then I felt him give one huge deep thrust in me, and this second warm liquid feeling spread through me, and I recall yelling in delight at that moment and hugging him, holding him as tight in me as I could.

Quest: Does this bottom fancy of yours play a part in actual love-making?

Solicitor: Oh no. It gives, or should I say it gave the initial impetus to it, but I don't bite or scratch bums or whatever? They're just nice. And Alan I think has the nicest I've seen. And I still see it, albeit occasionally, these days.

Quest: Thank you.

GASP-GASP!
STEVE KINGSTON